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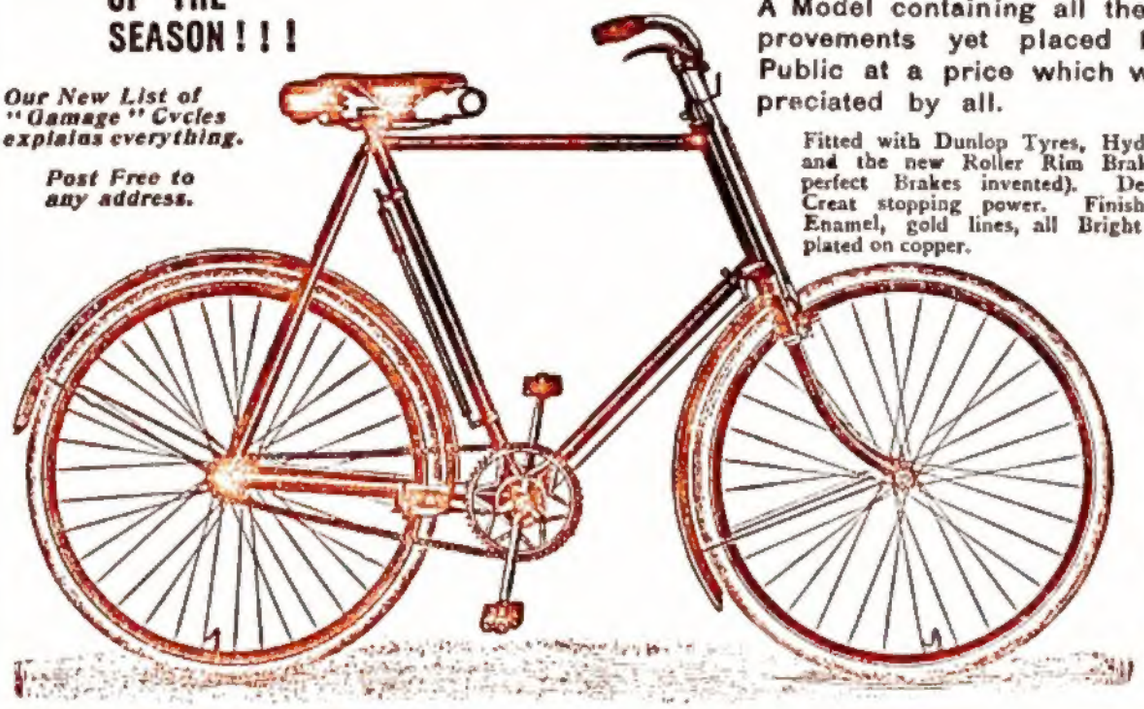

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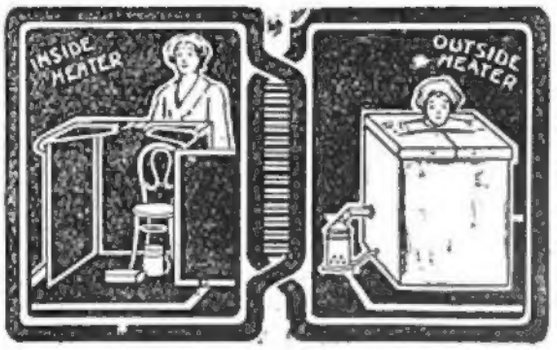

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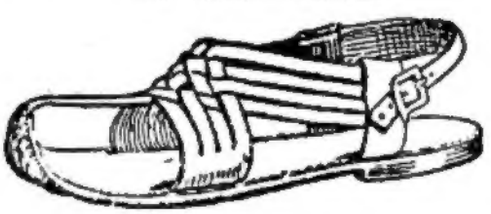

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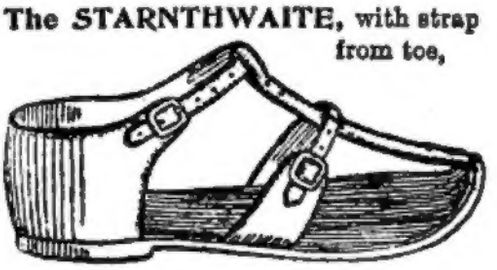

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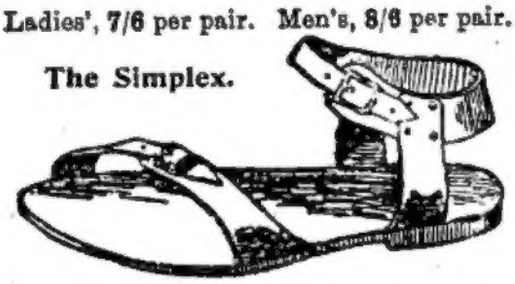

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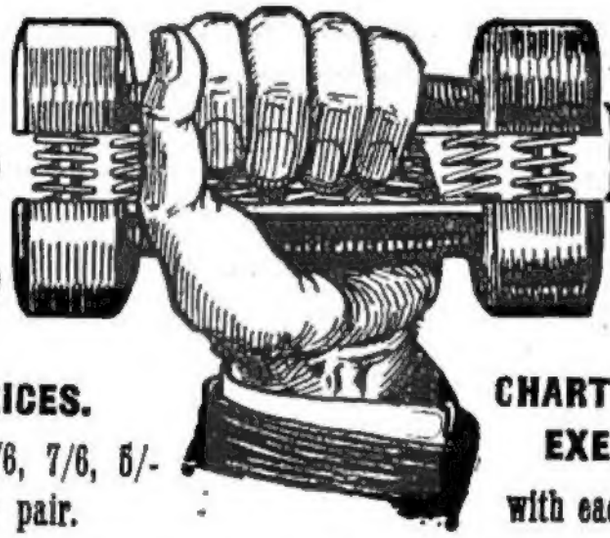

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(Est. 1898). VOL. XVII.
No. 6.

AUGUST 1, 1906.

SANDOW'S MAGAZINE

. . . OF . . .

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

EDITOR: EUGEN SANDOW.

Assistant Editor: FRANK PINK.

MOTTO:—*Mens Sana in Corpore Sano*—A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY.

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NOTES FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE holiday accident season is with us. Day by day one lifts the morning newspaper to read a long list of sudden deaths whilst holiday folk were bathing, cycling, mountaineering, and in other strenuous ways enjoying themselves. Young people especially, full of the vivacity and exuberance of youth, rush away from the stuffy office and the warehouse, and, in the exhilarating excess of unrestrained freedom, are naturally inclined to overdo it. They forget that untrained muscles quickly tire, and, like the miscalculating or thoughtless pedestrian, they forget that the homeward journey has to succeed the outward. They go muscularly beyond their depths, and the results are often fatal.

———

YOUTH is reckless and oblivious of danger. It frequently mistakes a feat of bravado for real courage. But it is utter foolishness for the young man whose muscles have been "rusting" throughout the winter, to expect to be able to hold his own in feats necessitating strength and stamina with the youth who is in regular physical training. Walking, cycling, mountaineering, swimming, and boating are all splendid outdoor exercise, but they must be indulged in with reason and moderation by those who are not in first class physical condition. I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that the death roll of the holidays would be reduced by at least one-half if only the young men who work in City offices would keep themselves fit throughout the long winter days by physical culture. It is the sudden change from physical idleness to physical activity that is responsible for the major portion of the fatal holiday accidents.

———

JUST imagine a novice of physical culture attempting to lift a 200 lb. barbell. Yet just as foolish feats are

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attempted at holiday times by thousands of youths. A young man who would never climb a flight of stairs while he could make the ascent by lift will think nothing of attempting to scale Snowdon at holiday time. A person who would never reach his business place in time if he had to use "Shanks' mare," will have the temerity to map out a thirty mile a day pedestrian tour. Another who has not entered a swimming bath for months will at the seaside think nothing of risking a two mile swim. Is it any wonder under such circumstances, that fatal accidents multiply at holiday times? I would most seriously warn everyone of my readers never on any account to carry any physical effort to the point of exhaustion.

———

THE leader writer of the *Daily Mail* has been giving some good advice on this subject. "Nearly all such sad occurrences," he writes, referring to bathing accidents, "result from people suddenly giving up their ordinary careful habits. Filled with the joy of escape from their usual surroundings, they do many things which are dangerous to all except those who are accustomed to do them. Swimming fatalities are divisible into two categories. Two-thirds of them, probably, happen to people who cannot swim; the other third to swimmers who miscalculate their strength. At the end of a holiday it is quite likely that the poor boy who was first drowned yesterday could have swum across the backwater in which he was bathing several times without feeling tired. But what we can do in practice and out of practice are very different. Even good swimmers must recollect that muscles which are not in constant use grow stiff, and should not be used too eagerly at first."

———

OF course everyone ought to learn to swim. The London County Council is doing good work in adding to the number of bathing places in the metropolis. The latest was opened at Tooting only the other day. But, even when everyone can swim, there will still be accidents unless we can persuade people to look before they leap—in other words, not to expose themselves to dangers which it is perfectly easy to avoid.

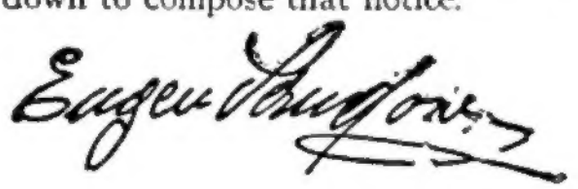
———

WHY is it considered fashionable to walk like the letter Z? Surely the horrible slouch that the ultra-fashionable love to affect is anything but manly or pleasing. As Major-General Sir J. L. Oliphant said recently, it is, indeed, "walking in the most extraordinary way." The Eton boys are not the only people guilty of this foolish affectation, injurious to body and mind alike. For it must be remembered that when a person looks "slack," he generally feels so, and that a slouching boy is often the indication—and the cause—of a slouching mind. So if you feel inclined to double up, pull yourself together, and, as another old Army officer said, "walk as if you had a sovereign in your pocket."

———

I REFERRED last week to the terrible noises of the city. Here is an instance of the extent to which the poor distracted householder is driven:

The nervous strain of city life, however, is not merely confined to these street noises. One sees many evidences of the pathetic attempts of householders to save their weakening nerves from destruction, in notices pleading an immunity from bottles, street hawkers, piano organs, etc. The incessant knocking and bell ringing is a frequent cause of nerve troubles to householders. Perhaps the most striking instance of what unnecessary ringing at the door bell can produce in the way of exasperation is to be seen in the wording of a notice on a brass plate in a street leading out of a well known West End square. It is on the door of the corner house, and this is how it reads: "This house is No. 64a, ——— Street, and not No. 13, ——— Square. That house is round the corner. Do not ring here." One can dimly imagine, observes the *Daily Chronicle*, the state of nervous madness to which that householder was reduced before he sat down to compose that notice.



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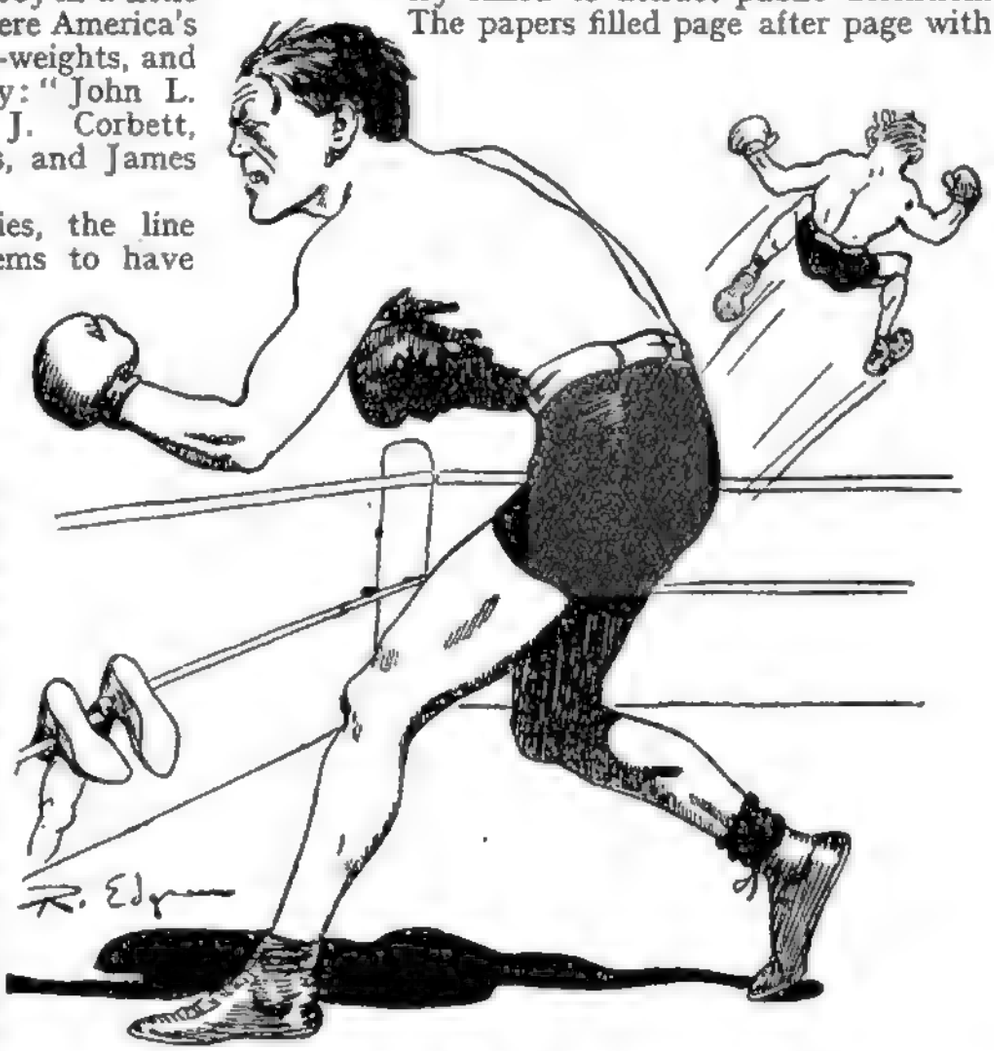
IS HEAVY-WEIGHT PRIZE FIGHTING DOOMED?

Light-Weights are more Interesting.

SOME Englishmen may never have heard of King Alfred. No living Englishman is ignorant of the fame that was won within the ropes by Jem Mace. Some Americans could not name four of their Presidents in the order of their inaugurations. Ask the youngest schoolboy in a little mining town who were America's four greatest heavy-weights, and he will answer glibly: "John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett, Robert Fitzsimmons, and James J. Jefferies."

But with Jefferies, the line of ring royalty seems to have come to an end. Ever since the giant of all giants retired from active competition and renounced his title, sporting men have searched eagerly and in vain for a successor fit to wear the gloves he once wore. From time to time vague rumours of untried giants have sifted in from the outlying confines of civilisation — from the mines, where strong men pit their strength and skill and cunning against the iron resistance of the rocks; from the sea, where sailors develop knotted muscles and rough and tarry hands. But none of these have shown even a flash of Jefferies' genius.

When Jefferies began fighting there were many great heavy-weights. Corbett was champion. Fitzsimmons was about to meet him and take the title away. Peter Maher still had his world famous "wallop." Gus Ruhlin, the "Akron Giant," was coming to the front. Tom Sharkey, the formidable sailor champion, seemed almost invincible. And with all these sturdy fellows struggling for the title big men were in great demand in all boxing clubs. For a time the small fry failed to attract public attention. The papers filled page after page with columns concerning the daily doings of the giants. What Jim Corbett ate for breakfast was a public question of all absorbing interest. When Sharkey broke a punching bag it created more of a sensation than the latest battle of the China-Japanese war. Fitzsimmons stepped into a smithy, turned out a horseshoe, and everybody talked about it for a week.



When Terry says "Skip" they all "Skip."

But in the final weeding out process Jefferies whipped Fitz., Corbett, Ruhlin, Sharkey, all the rest of the giants, except Sullivan and Peter Maher, who had become back numbers. Then came a time when no heavy-weight dared stand up against him. He had the championship title, and no one else wanted it enough to fight for it. Even when some venturesome heavy-weight did gather courage, the followers of the fighting game would not go to see Jefferies pound a man who had no chance to win —a mere punching bag. Without the keen competition of former years interest in heavy-weight fighting died away. The boxing clubs began putting on small men instead of big fellows. The little fighters were fast, clever, full of action. They were pretty to look at. The few giants left in the ring seemed lumbering and clumsy compared with them, and finally it became hard for a big man to get even a chance to appear in public.

This isn't proof that Jefferies is the greatest fighter of the century. He happened to come at a time when no other man in the game could class with him. John L. Sullivan, in his prime, could have given Jefferies a hard rub for the honours. And Bob Fitzsimmons, the greatest fighter that ever lived, might have overcome the great weight-handicap between Jefferies and himself.

There are no more Fitzsimmons on our pugilistic horizon. Jefferies is growing fat in his own cabbage patch. Corbett, through frequent losing, has come to detest the prize ring, and is strutting before the footlights. Sharkey, with ribs still tender from the hammering given them by Jefferies, stands at the door of his café and dispenses the glad hand. Ruhlin has a bank account. In fact, the greatness of the heavy-weights is on the wane. Two claimants, Marvin Hart and Jack O'Brien, have been touring with rival shows, both billed as "world's champions." Hart bases his pretension upon the fact that he weighs 190 lbs. and has beaten some obscure second raters; O'Brien is a 165 lbs. man, who never possessed a knock-out punch, upon his victory over old Fitz. But neither of these is great enough to arouse enthusiasm among followers of the sport. We are still waiting for the great man who is to come and draw Jefferies from his shell of retirement.

The little men, for all the stagnation in heavy-weight ranks, are flourishing. While second class Goliaths find it hard to earn their bread and butter in the ring, middle-weights, welters, light-weights, feathers, and bantams, are growing rich. Especially in the light-weight class many boxers have found fame and fortune within the last year or two. Jimmy Britt in that time has held a world's championship, and has invested £15,000 of his earnings in flat houses. Jack O'Brien, the busy light-weight, has done fully as well, and lives in the swellest part of Philadelphia. Battling Nelson, the present light-weight champion, is rapidly running up a big bank account. Terry McGovern, the greatest little man that ever wore five-ounce gloves, lost to young Corbett, disappeared for awhile, came back with a flourish, and is now matched with Battling Nelson to fight for the light-weight title. He is on top of the heap again, and interest in the light-weight situation is at fever heat.

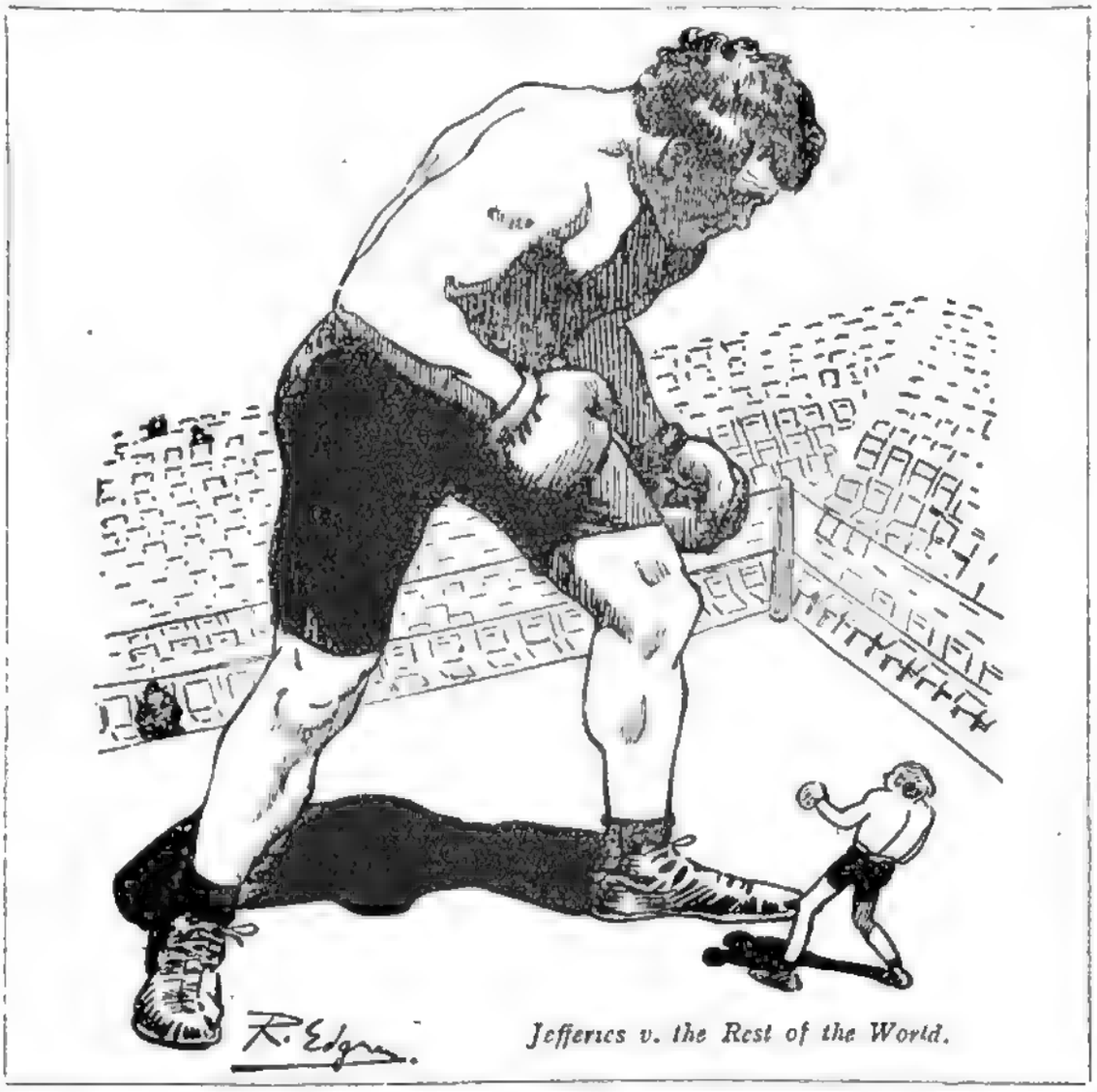
This Nelson boy is a wonder. He can't hit hard, yet he knocks out his rivals one after another with amazing regularity. Nothing hurts Nelson. From the beginning of the fight he plunges in tirelessly, turning his head to one side, taking every blow without flinching, pounding away monotonously himself. His opponents tire themselves out punching him, and when they are staggering with exhaustion the still unwearied Dane sends his knock-out blow across to the mark.

Young Corbett, who burst into fame by beating Terry McGovern, has grown fat. For two years he was considered invincible. Then Britt, Nelson, Hanlon, and Herrera whipped him. His endurance has gone. He will never be great again. Herrera, the Mexican, has taken his place among the few favoured of fame. He has a wonderfully punishing blow in either hand. He is thirty-four years old, drinks at least a quart of whisky daily, smokes the longest and blackest cigars he can get, even while training, and still he fights and wins. The Mexican is a wonder. He must be

a wonder in nerve and muscle, or his dissipations would kill him.

This is another reason for the fact that the heavy-weight pugilist is rapidly joining the buffalo. The little men, fast and clever, are not so impressive as the giants. The average spectator sitting at the ring side who fails to reason that the big man is able to endure punishment in proportion to his bulk, is much impressed when he sees blows that look powerful enough to fell an ox. But the little fellows, with their quick, snappy style of boxing, seem to be merely exchanging taps. They are amusing, not appalling.

It is the day of the light-weight. The mastadon and the mammoths, the bison, the elk, all have disappeared from the face of the earth. Centuries ago, Guy, Earl of Warwick, who towered eight feet tall, in his corselet that two men could stand up in side by side, with his sword forged from the swords of three of his fighting enemies, was a giant among men, and king of all that part of England. But Guy's bones are dust. Figg, the first great English fist fighter, has been under the sod for a hundred and sixty-six years. Coming down to the present time, Sullivan, once king of the prize ring, whitehaired; Corbett, Jefferies, all are passing into history. Fitzsimmons, last of the present breed of heavy-weight fighting men, has succumbed to O'Brien like the dying buffalo that is pulled down by the waiting wolf.



Jefferies v. the Rest of the World.

But there is plenty of small game left. Until some new lion of fisticuffs breaks out from the jungle we will have to be satisfied with hunting the wildcat. If we can't have a Jefferies, Battling Nelson will do.

HOW TO ENJOY A WALKING TOUR.

By W. S. R.

[*Walking is the cheapest and one of the most enjoyable methods of spending a summer holiday. To swing along through leafy lanes and over undulating highways is gloriously exhilarating, while the freedom of the pedestrian enables him to penetrate into curious old nooks and bye-paths, from which all other travellers are debarred.*]

OPEN AIR EXERCISE.

ANY form of recreation which takes us into the open air, and particularly one which involves rational exercise, is to be commended.

It needs no imposing array of statistics to prove that regular outdoor exercise is a most potent factor in the maintenance of unimpaired health and vitality, for not only is the "free air of heaven" a valuable tonic to mind and body, but by entering the lungs and passing over the skin it assists in a marked degree to eliminate those effete exhalations which muscular exercise brings to the surface.

To those devoted to athletics this will be reckoned a truism, but to the much larger class, workers in towns engaged in sedentary occupations, whose circumstances or inclinations do not admit of their taking up cricket, boating and other similar pastimes, the problem, "What form of outdoor exercise is available that shall be at once attractive and efficient?" will present itself, and may seem a difficult one to solve.

AN ESSENTIAL QUALITY.

Unquestionably, all exercise which involves mere exertion without some excitement or element of interest, is distasteful, and sooner or later will be abandoned. It is this interest, the active emulation, pride in strength, skill and knowledge in some particular branch of athletics, or the almost universal love of approbation constituting it, which sufficiently accounts for the enthusiasm displayed by the votaries of outdoor sports, and differentiates the exertion in the football or cricket field from the work done by the labourer or artisan.

But, as already indicated, the majority have not the opportunity of engaging in organised games, and they must, therefore, if they value their health, find some efficient substitute.

The writer belongs to that class, and as his efforts have met with success, he will do his best to suggest, for the benefit of readers of this magazine, the rationale of his system.

WALKING WITH AN OBJECT.

Possibly it may at first appear disappointing to them to learn that the form of outdoor exercise advocated is walking. Readers will picture to themselves a monotonous trudge on the highway till the feet are sore and the legs ache, and the subsequent sense of weariness, and of *nothing accomplished*. But let them for a moment consider whether they cannot invest their walking with a measure of interest, by pursuing some definite object or objects in their walks. Then the matter will wear a new aspect.

There is a wide range of such pursuits to select from, amongst which may be mentioned botany, etymology, geology, the collecting of birds' eggs, fungi and archæological objects, photography, sketching, conchology, and (one of the writer's hobbies) the collecting of walking sticks cut from the hedges.

THE CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

True, many will say they have no taste for scientific pursuits; but everything has a beginning, and let them but once start on the road, with an elementary text book as a guide, and they will quickly find their interest grow into a healthy and absorbing condition.

There is no need to confine themselves to a single subject—they are not setting out to become *savants*—but they may select such a set of subjects as will cover every season of the year. The fact that they live in the heart of a large city, also, need not deter them, for access to the suburbs is not debarred to anyone, and there is no need to go far afield to find scope for their efforts. To London dwellers, Epping Forest, Hampstead Heath, and even the large parks, will yield interests to the careful observer.

A YEAR'S PROGRAMME.

The writer, being an omnivorous individual, has mapped out his year as follows: *Spring:* birds' eggs and botany; *Summer:* butterflies, moths and beetles, botany, sketching; *Autumn:* fungi, sketching; *Winter:* walking stick collecting, photography.

The above subjects afford an ever present inducement to wander afield whenever time and the weather permit.

The paraphernalia and appliances necessary make no great demands on the purse, and the gleanings from the countryside, which may be arranged and catalogued in the winter evenings, remain as permanent records of the various rambles undertaken, as well as affording interest and encouragement to others.

STOUT BOOTS AND KNICKERS.

But let the would-be walker not embark on this form of exercise without first providing himself with a pair of stout boots and a tweed knicker suit, without which he will find discouragement in the mud and rough ground he will have to cover. To plod through a ploughed field after rain in thin boots and trousers is a penalty not to be contemplated with equanimity.

WALKING AND AFTER.

Also let him walk his walks at a brisk pace, so that, whatever the weather, he returns home in a healthy glow—ay, even with a wet skin. Then he must strip, rub himself down with a rough towel, and don clean underclothing. With these precautions he will be astonished to find how little of weariness his exercise has produced.

A MEANS TO INCREASED VIGOUR.

If, as is the writer's practice, he uses the bath cabinet before re-dressing, the result will be even more invigorating, and the improvement in health and condition more rapid and marked.

A CAUTION: SOME ADVICE.

On the other hand, to keep on one's clothes, damp with perspiration, is to court chill, and to undo the benefit derived from the exercise.

Great distances should not be attempted until at least the walker has strengthened his muscles and braced up his system by walks of moderate length, say six to ten miles at a stretch.

Regularity—a walk every day, if possible, if only a mile or two—is another point to be observed, and here the advantage of an object to pursue comes in. There is a spot to be visited, some specimen to be added to a collection, or some condition of weather or aspect of country which invites the sketcher—inducements which often accumulate in advance of one's outings to encourage the hobbyist to sally forth for their realisation.

They who enter into the spirit of the thing and once put it into practice, as here outlined, will not readily desist.

Bad News for the Ailing.

"MANY doctors now assert that a sea trip is not always advisable for invalids, and now another fond delusion of the ailing is shattered. French and Swiss doctors agree that about 60 per cent. of the elderly and weak-bodied visitors who pass their holidays in the mountain resorts should never go there, and their health would be much improved if they remained in the towns in the valleys," writes our Geneva correspondent.

Cerebral apoplexy, cardiac lesions, and pulmonary embolism are the diseases that threaten persons who are not strong and persist in being whirled up to heights varying from 1000 to 3000 yards by the mountain railways.

Owing to the decrease of the atmospheric pressure and to the rarefaction of the air, the respiration becomes more accelerated, and the heart calls upon all its reserve force to accomplish the supplementary work. The beating of the heart increases by twenty to forty beats a minute, and unless the organ is in a very healthy condition serious results are sure to follow.

When a person suffers from dyspepsia, giddiness, or buzzing in the ears on arriving at a mountain resort, he or she should leave it at once.

HINTS TO CAMPERS.

By an Old Camper.

*[The writer of the following article is a camper of many years' experience, who knows thoroughly what he is writing about. His hints will be very useful to those who have had no previous experience of this delightful method of spending a holiday.—*THE EDITOR.]

THERE are few more healthy and enjoyable means of spending a fortnight's holiday than for a couple or three friends to join in a camp-out. By the seaside in some Cornish cove, or in a meadow by the banks of a river, a good camping ground can be obtained, provided always that the choice is influenced by considerations of access to water for drinking purposes, a dry sandy subsoil, proximity to dwellings where milk and butter can be had, and a locality which offers inducements for rambles and explorations. All these considerations must be kept in view, as, even in fine weather, life in a tent, without some occupation, be it cycling, photography, fishing or what not, is very monotonous.

SITE AND SUNDRIES.

A camping ground should have shelter from hedges or trees, and many picturesque spots can be called to mind which would suit admirably. Drinking water *must* be available, and with a plentiful supply of that, all else is easy. To make a "Camp" thoroughly enjoyable there should be three in the party and two tents are better than one. A disused army tent with 24 inch walls makes a capital home; and with a second tent for stores, cooking, etc., a great amount of enjoyment can be obtained. The necessary furniture need not be elaborate or costly. A camp chair, which makes a 6 ft. bed for each member, a table, several good boxes in which to store bed linen and blankets, to protect them from damp in case of showery weather, a paraffin cooking stove with oven, kettle, pan and steamer, will furnish ample means of cooking. A portable washstand and a galvanised bowl are required, and a lock-up box for storing provisions. Of course, the quantity of crockery, cutlery, napery, etc., will depend on whether the campers are sybarites or hermits. Whatever is deemed necessary should be packed in a box, which, when empty, will serve as seat, sideboard, or "what-not." One of the best forms of cupboard for crockery, etc., is an empty orange box set on end and fastened to the ground; this provides three shelves and a top, and takes up very little room (cost 3d.) A folding table is an essential, both for meals and for writing on.

When a site has been selected, arrangements must be made with the occupier of the land, and if he is a farmer, little trouble will be experienced, as he will be able to supply fresh milk, butter, eggs, bacon, etc., besides providing means of carting the goods and chattels from and to the station.

CAUTIONS TO CAMPERS.

The first thing to be done in preparing the ground for the tents, is to cut a trench all round the circumference of the area and to be careful to turn the sods removed upside down *in* the tent area, to form draught excluders. The tents being pitched, and the ropes made secure, the walls can be pegged down in the inner circumference of the trench, and when the door is closed and properly laced, little or no draught will be felt, even in a high wind. When possible the tent door should be made to face south.

If the "campers" have ever been camping out with volunteers, the art and mystery of managing a tent will be well understood, but for the sake of any who have not had that experience, there are a few special cautions needed.

(*a*) Never go to bed with the tent ropes tight in showery weather—a sudden shower will often so shorten the ropes as to pull the tent pegs out of the ground,

and if a breeze springs up "over goes the show," and a dire catastrophe will ensue.

(*b*) If it rains, be very careful to see that no article *in* the tent touches the roof or walls, if it does it forms a channel for water, and brings wet *into* the tent, where it is not wanted.

(*c*) On no account allow tacks or nails to be driven into the tent pole. Hangers can be rigged up by means of string and hooks, the latter lashed to the pole.

A DOG, AND SAVOURY SOUP.

Assuming that a party of three took two tents, one tent would have the three camp beds and table permanently, and the other tent would serve as kitchen, store and scullery; and if "three men in a tent" had a dog, it would be an acquisition to serve as a watch against practical jokers, or other evil minded persons. In these days of canned goods a pleasant variety of foods can be obtained in small compass, and no general advice need be tendered, but one thing can be most highly recommended, and that is soup, in either *squares* or *tablets*. A ready dish is made from these in a very short time, and they add a zest to a meal.

The writer has spent many days tenting during the last twelve months—being engaged in outdoor work—and having found the greatest comfort, health and enjoyment under canvas, he strongly urges the young men of the day to adopt camping out. The tents make admirable summer houses "at home" when done with for camping.

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BATHING AND HEALTH.

By H. W. H.

[*To tub or not to tub—that is the question.*]

WE are becoming more and more educated to the employment of natural means for the maintenance of good health and the alleviation of ill-health, as opposed to the methods of the knife and medicine bottle. Doctors themselves have been educated in this same direction, and we find them recommending those patients whose cares perplex them to go to some health resort where they will be assured of a complete change of air—and plenty of it—and general environment, including baths of various kinds.

The doctors in attendance on patients unable to incur this expense of time and money are oft-times at a loss as to what to recommend in such cases, and I am afraid are too much inclined to cut the Gordian knot with the ever-ready bottle of medicine, trusting to the value of the patients' faith rather than the actual worth of the prescribed concoction. They are:

> Trammell'd and bound in custom's changeless school,
> Absurd by system, frivolous by rule.

The fault with the majority of the medical profession is a blind conservatism. It is so with all close professions, and most of the improvements made from time to time are introduced by laymen. Dr. Andrew Combe observed in his paper on THE OBSERVATION OF NATURE IN THE TREATMENT OF DISEASE:

> The great defect in the study of medicine and in all investigations connected with it, at present seems to me to consist in the nearly total absence of *guiding principle*, and more especially of the *observation of Nature*, as the only solid foundation on which medicine or any other science can rest and advance towards perfection.

Dr. Bostock declared: "Every dose of medicine given is a blind experiment upon the vitality of the patient."

To my mind Bacon has given the best definition of the legitimate office of the physician as *the servant and interpreter of Nature.*

With the rapid spread of physiological knowledge—not a little owing to the Physical Culture movement—physicians are finding it necessary to *advise* rather than *prescribe.* Is this not an advance from the days when the ignorance of patients allowed them to stoically endure blood-letting, strong purging, and other violent methods?

Those members of the medical profession who discourage the modern attitude towards them are doing almost as much as biological and general education to advance the coming of the time when every man shall be his own best medical guide. Already thousands of erstwhile medicos' patients are seeking their own salvation.

I will now deal more closely with the subject of bathing as an aid to the maintenance or retrieving of health.

In the first place it is my mission to disabuse the popular mind as to the all sufficiency of the morning cold tub as an agent of cleanliness and as a means to general health. The average Englishman boasts of his cold-tub-before-breakfast with as much earnest belief in its all powerful influence as the true follower of the prophet evinces in his morning orisons.

Close observation has shown me, however, that only the robust seem none the worse for the cold tub, whereas the weaker brethren are decidedly the worse for this particular form of bathing. The question then faced me as to whether the robust are none the worse because of their robustness. To the latter it served as a stimulant by reason of general re-action. The less robust, however, seemed to have insufficient vitality to develop this stimulating re-action. What does this prove? Nothing but that what may be good for the strong *is* bad for the weak.

On the other hand, I feel convinced of the value of cold water bathing as a tissue hardening agent. I am robust, and attribute an almost absolute freedom from colds of even slight degree not so much to my being robust as to the hardening I get from cold water bathing.

I do not regard it as an effective cleansing agent. The reason is that the application of cold water immediately closes the pores—thus preventing colds, *but not assisting in the elimination of waste productions.*

Warm or hot water is not so much better as a cleansing factor as most people think. The pores will close up on application of warm or hot water, but gradually relax, owing to the influence of a temperature higher than the body.

This brings us to a consideration of the subject of temperature as an effective body cleansing agent. I am led to the conclusion that it is *not the water, but the warmth* to which good results may be ascribed, and because water cannot be safely used as a medium of communicating heat to the human body at a temperature beyond 100°, whereas air can be heated for ordinary bathing to 180°, and for remedial purposes in the treatment of diseases—especially local application—to far higher degrees, varying above the boiling point of water. It is this perfect command of temperature which the hot-air bath places at one's disposal that constitutes its superlative merit, for by no other means except the newly invented and expensive radiant heat or electric baths can anything approaching the same high range of temperature be obtained and used.

Another point in favour of the hot-air bath is that it does not affect one's vitality in the same way as would a stay of the same time in a water bath of even half the degree of heat.

The majority of persons have not yet ceased to regard the Turkish bath as a desperate remedy, and only to be taken on the advice of a trusted family medical man. This ignorance is about on a par with that of the old lady who sought to allay her fears concerning a son's voyage to America, by remarking to herself that after all it might have been worse—"We have had very dry weather lately, and there won't be much water."

How the Stomach Works.

THE powers of the stomach have been gauged hitherto by means of a test breakfast and the subsequent use of the stomach pump. A new method has been tried by Dr. Schwartz. He administers a large pill of a third or half an ounce of sub-nitrate of bismuth enclosed in a coating of connective tissue from the sheep or ox, and when examination is then made with X rays this substance shows as a dark shadow. At first it appears as a deep black spot. As digestion progresses, however, it disseminates through the stomach, and in health gives a faint shadow of the entire organ in about seven hours. In such disorders as deficiency of acid, pyloric (the valve by which food leaves the stomach) disease and cancer, the black spot persists nine, eleven or even twenty-one hours while over acidity or too rapid digestion may cause the spot to disappear in two to five hours.

HOW TO LEARN THE BREAST STROKE IN SWIMMING.

By Richard F. Nelligan.

THE breast stroke is the key to swimming of all kinds. It should be the first taught to beginners, because it is the easiest to acquire, since its movements are more natural than any of the others. When this is thoroughly mastered, various other strokes can be easily learned. The highest authorities on physical culture agree in thinking that for all round physical development and the production of a well set-up carriage of the human body no movements known can equal the breast stroke. The effort of keeping the head above the surface strengthens the neck muscles; thus making it easy to hold the head erect, the chest is forced forward in breasting the waves, the arms and legs are strengthened by being used alternately to propel the body, and the swimmer is forced to breathe deeply and regularly against the strong resistance of the water. If the breathing is not in unison with the leg and arm movements, and the lungs not well inflated with each stroke, the swimmer soon tires, while it becomes impossible to make fast time over a long course.

"MONTE" HOLBEIN,

The Famous Swimmer and all-round Athlete. Has had to postpone his attempt to swim the Channel because of illness.

The following description will give an idea of the manner in which the breast stroke should be performed. In starting the swimmer lies flat on his breast with the legs straight and together, the arms being extended in front of the head and about four inches beneath the surface. The palms are now turned outward and the straight arms are drawn through the water and carried well back like a pair of oars in rowing. When the arm stroke is nearly finished, the knees are turned outward and drawn slowly about half way up to the body. The legs, with the knees still separated, are then straightened diagonally backward with a kick, and brought together sharply like the closing of a shears. As the legs are thrust outward and backward the arms are shot forward with the palms downward, and remain stationary in this position, in order to keep the head above the surface, while the closing of the legs is being accomplished. The different movements should be carried out deliberately and with no jerky action whatever. Frantic struggles, with arms or legs, soon cause exhaustion, and the beginner, unless properly coached, will sometimes give up in despair. The air should be drawn into the lungs when the

arms are thrust forward, and expelled as they approach the sides of the body.

While the foregoing description relates to a perfect performance of the breast stroke when under the eye of a competent instructor who will insist upon accuracy in detail and also give reasons for the theory which he applies, yet good instruction is not possible in all cases, and the enthusiastic beginner is thrown upon his own resources. Even under such conditions, it is possible to learn the breast stroke well enough to enable one to reach shore from a considerable distance.

Having carefully selected a place free from currents and weeds where the water is clear and the bottom sloping gradually, the learner should enter and wade out until the water reaches to the waist. He should then take a deep breath, bend the legs until the head is beneath the surface and open the eyes. After looking around and at the bottom for a few seconds the operation should be repeated until the head can be placed under water with full confidence.

The next step will teach the novice the fact that it is possible to lie in the water close to the surface for some little time without sinking.

After facing the shore, a full breath should be taken, the body inclined slowly forward and the arms extended in front and near the surface. Next the feet should be raised from the bottom and with the eyes open the body should be straightened out near the surface. It will be found that while in this position if no attempt is made to raise the head out of the water the body will float for a considerable time. Should the head be raised the feet will sink.

After some practice at floating in this position, the next step should be to bring the arms, with the palms turned upward, backward to the sides as in the regular breast stroke. If the eyes are gazing at the bottom it will be seen that, even with no movement of the legs, the body will move toward the shore. When the shore can be approached in this manner, the legs should be brought into play as in the ordinary breast stroke when, if the eyes are still open, an appreciable gain in speed will be noticed.

A few days' careful practice of this method will enable the enthusiast to reach the shore with the head slightly raised above the water, after which progress in the regular breast stroke should be found easy. The writer wishes to repeat that great care should be exercised in selecting a place free from currents and weeds, as otherwise after the feet are removed from the bottom there is danger of being carried into deep water; and it is also wise to have a friend at hand in case of an emergency.

A summary of the above method is as follows: *First*—Wade out waist deep, bend the legs until the head is under water, with the eyes open. *Second*—Lie on the surface face down and float. *Third*—Use the arms to reach shore. *Fourth*—Use arms and legs in reaching shore. *Fifth*—Endeavour to reach shore with the head slightly raised.

Only after considerable practice in shallow water should the swimmer venture beyond his depth, and even then it is a wise precaution to have a boat or a good swimmer at hand, for the reason that in many instances swimmers have been known to lose confidence, and forget their best laid plans and even the directions of competent teachers, when venturing into deep water for the first time.

By the above method the writer learned the rudiments of the breast stroke well enough to swim five miles, and others have done much better. The main points to keep in mind are, that all movements must be executed slowly and deliberately, the head should be raised no higher than is necessary for breathing purposes, and it is well to keep the shoulders well under water.

While the breast stroke is useful and even absolutely necessary for beginners in the art, still it is no longer considered by experts as being of much use for speed, when compared with more modern methods. It is, however, a remarkable fact that all of Captain Webb's long distance swims were accomplished with this stroke, and it is related that he accomplished his marvellous swim across the English Channel in this manner. It is only reasonable to suppose that had he been proficient in the more modern methods of natation his performance would have been even more astonishing.

GIVE NATURE A CHANCE.

Cured by a Burglar.

WHEN you feel bad, why don't you give Nature a chance? The first thing you think of when you have an ache or pain is to take something. The chances are twenty to one that taking something will not make you any better. The chances are that it will make you worse. To be sure, the medicine may attract your attention from the particular ache or pain or bad feeling that caused you to take the medicine. In this roundabout way it may do you a little bit of good. But, when you get to feeling bad, why don't you sit down and think the matter over? Just think what you may have done to cause the bad feeling. Perhaps you stay up too late at night. Perhaps you sleep too much. Maybe you eat too much or too little. You may take too much or too little exercise. Think it over.

Possibly you may have indulged to excess in something. Think it over. Correct your habits. Wait a bit. Give Nature a chance to cure you. She has got to cure you at last, even if you do take medicine. The probabilities are that she will have to cure your ailment itself and the effect of the medicine at the same time.

Give Nature a chance first. If you have a headache, you may possibly drink some hot water to rinse out your stomach, but wait awhile and see if Nature won't cure your headache. Don't be in a hurry about taking something.

This advice is especially applicable to nervous people or people who suffer from nervous prostration. If you have what is called nervous prostration, you will have every symptom of every disease on the earth. You will imagine to-day you have this; to-morrow, something else, and so on, and so on.

You have brought on your condition by overwork or excesses. Perhaps drugs have had a great deal to do with your condition. Don't fool with drugs any more. Just wait a bit. Give Nature a chance.

Don't watch yourself too closely. Healthy, strong people don't watch themselves. They have never formed such a habit. If you have a little twinge of pain, don't nurse it. You have grown self-conscious over the matter. Every little thing that goes wrong with you makes you afraid. You exaggerate it. The more you think about it the worse it seems. Healthy people go about as if nothing had happened. That is why they keep healthy.

If you do not feel just right, try to forget it. Or, what is better, think it over. Try to correct the habit or practice that provoked it. Give yourself a vacation. That is better than drugs. Or, change your vocation. That is often better than a vacation.

If you live in the country, go to the city. The change will do you lots of good. If you live in the city, go to the country. It is wonderful what a short stay in the country will do for you. Anyhow, dodge the drugs.

If you cannot quite persuade yourself that you have no definite disease, go to a doctor. Let him examine you. Let him question you. Get him to tell you what the trouble is. If he assures you that it is no dreadful malady, his advice will do you lots of good.

All your bad feelings indicate is that Nature is simply protesting against your doing something that you should not do. The remedy is to stop it. It may take considerable thought on your part to discover in what way you are doing wrong. Be sure it is something. You can find out better than anyone else. Don't resort to medicine. That will only complicate your derangements. Medicine will set up another derangement. Perhaps something that is worse than anything you already have. Go to work at something. Keep you mind off your troubles.

We heard of a man once who

imagined he was dying. He thought he needed a doctor, and needed him very quickly. Just as he was about to send for a doctor his wife was taken with a fainting spell. He thought she was dying. He forgot all about his own ailment. He saddled his horse and rode six miles for a physician in a great hurry. He brought the doctor. The ride did him good. He got all over his sickness. He never thought to call the doctor's attention to his own ailments.

There was a great fire in the city of Chicago in the early seventies. Thousands of invalids were driven from home during that terrible night. They had to escape to save their lives. Invalids who had not been out of doors for years got out of bed and ran for their lives. Many of them were cured. They found they could stand more than they thought they could. This gave them new courage. They ceased taking drugs, and went to work like other people. It was all they needed. The fire cured them! All some invalids need is to have the house burn down.

Once an invalid was cured by a burglar. She saw a burglar rummaging in her room, and, notwithstanding she had not been out of bed for years, she ran from the room screaming, went down a flight of stairs and ran out into the street. She was better the next day than she had been for years. She kept right on getting better. The burglar cured her. It was just what she needed. It is not necessary to have a burglar. The same thing can be accomplished in a great deal safer way.

If you are an invalid, go to work at something, even if you have to lie in bed at first. Do something with your hands. Not too much the first day. Just a little. It is wonderful how it will rest the mind. The next day do a little more, and so keep it up.

The way to get well is to act as if you are well. Think as if you are well. Don't admit for a moment you are sick. Get it out of your mind at once and for ever. Don't think that there is some drug somewhere that will cure you. There is no such drug. You must cure yourself by force of will, by persistent action. Be healthy in thinking and living. This is the way to get well, and the way to keep well.

Drugs have their place. They occasionally save lives. A few doses might work a wonderful change; but to rely generally on drugs is a great mistake.

London's Tainted Water.

"I HAVE been engaged for over forty years in the design and construction of waterworks in India and at home, and can but utter a note of warning on the present condition of our London water supply, and hope that public opinion will soon appreciate the fact that a supply containing quantities of sewage effluent is unfitted for modern requirements."—Sir Alexander Binnie in a letter to the *Times*.

To a *Daily Mail* representative Sir Alexander said: "I do not think that moving the intake near Hampton Court to a spot higher up the river would greatly improve matters, for the Thames receives the treated sewage of nearly the whole of the Thames Valley."

An expert on the question of London's water supply said yesterday: "It must be remembered that the Thames water, as the Water Board gets it, is only the raw material, and the manufactured article sent into the water-mains is a very different thing. The water, from the mere fact that it stands in the reservoirs in the sunlight, becomes partly purified.

"Active germ life is killed by the sun, and suspended impurities sink to the bottom. The fact that the reservoirs are crowded with fish speaks for itself. Then the filter beds are to be taken into consideration, and the water London drinks as the reports of such men as Sir William Crooks and Sir James Dewar have proved, is quite pure enough for practical purposes, if not ideally so."

The Brick and Mortar Evil.

SIR ALGERNON WEST, who presided at the Bermondsey Settlement prize distribution, praised the combination of physical and mental exercises. Athletics encouraged mental development. The late Mr. Gladstone, who to his (the speaker's) cost never walked less than four miles an hour, was always at his parish church at eight o'clock in the morning. Touching on the work of the London County Council, he told the amusing story of a poor woman who, in order to appease her boy who suffered from living in a congested slum, assured him that it would be all right when they reached the plains of heaven. "Ah! mother," was the youngster's reply, "that may be all very well for you, but they will all be built over by the time I get there."

AN Indian native doctor's certificate of death quoted by the *Pioneer*, runs: "I am of a mind that he died (or lost his life) for want of foodings, or on account of starvation. Maybe also for other things of his comfortables, and most probably he died by drowning."

IS VICE A DISEASE?

Yes. Sound Morals Depend on Sound Health.

VICE either begins as a disease or ends as a disease. Most all vices depend upon some physical or mental derangement. Even where a vice is deliberately or carelessly begun it will frequently become a disease or derangement. If the doctor was a good psychologist, if he understood the relation of morals to health, and was really anxious to make a diagnosis of every case to which he is called, he would undoubtedly find that two-thirds of these cases are suffering from vice of some sort. It may be the vice of lieing or cheating. It may be the vice of stealing or deceiving. It may be the vice of cruelty or selfishness. It may be the vice of intemperance or debauchery. It may be the vice of vanity or egotism. But if the physician was competent to do so, he would discover in most cases that disease and sickness is produced by some delinquency

No man can habitually hate and be perfectly healthy. No man can deliberately deceive and enjoy perfect physical life. No man can crush and grind without making his own life mean. A man may not enjoy physical life at all, and yet be physically perfect; his respiration is normal, his temperature marks the proper degree, his digestion good and his sleep regular. A man may have all these physical perfections and yet not enjoy life at all, because he is mean, stingy, or is striving in some sneaking under-handed manner to wrong his fellow-beings. The Creator has so made this universe that a man must keep himself moral in order to get the best things physically. To do the square thing leads to the enjoyment of a square meal. To say always truthful things, the kind things, reacts upon and thrills the physical fibres of his body in wholesome vibration.

LATEST PORTRAIT OF LURICH.

The formidable Russian wrestler who defeated Hackenschmidt some years ago, and who many believe could again lower the latter's colours.

Life is very subtle, and depends upon a multitude of intangible causes. Health is a full and free manifestation of life. Disease is imperfect life, or life struggling against some adversity. Much of the disease is caused by ignorance. That is to say, the victim did not know that his conduct

would produce disease. But, in most cases, he did know he was doing wrong. He was actuated by greed or vanity or spite.

How many women have exposed themselves and thus contracted disease through vanity. How many men have overworked and have brought on chronic ailments by greed. How many people have deranged their digestion and have produced derangements by malice or anger. How many invalids have brought themselves to bed by sensuous indulgence of some sort. Traced back carefully, nearly every physical derangement will find its origin partly or wholly in some vice or moral turpitude.

Do right; follow your conscience. Keep your soul clean; purify your heart. Always "do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." This is the way to keep your health when you have it, and it is also one of the ways by which good health is regained after it has been lost.

We cannot separate ourselves from our moral nature. We cannot starve our souls and produce perfect bodies. The one who enjoys perfect health is the one who obeys the laws of his body, but attends to the wants of his intellect and the mandates of his moral nature.

Let no man hope for perfect physical enjoyment. Let no invalid imagine that health can be regained when the moral senses are stultified and the claims of conscience set aside. The life that is worth living is the life that is full of vigorous, healthy enjoyment. Force the physical, the mental and moral natures to be mutually sensitive and obedient; to be intellectually allied and interested; to be physically robust and ambitious. This is life. Nothing short of that is real life. A man may drag out an existence fairly well. He may continue to live many years in disobedience to moral law. But he can never really know what life is in its full meaning, until he gives the same heed to his moral rectitude that he does to his mental and physical improvement.

A man may buy food with money that he has acquired by force or deceit. He may eat such food; and, if he obeys the laws of health, digest it fairly well. But the strength which he derives from such food and such digestion will never give him the pleasure that Nature intended. It is only when a man is actuated by some moral purpose, by some spiritual ideal, that physical life and mental life culminate in perfect happiness. Try as we may, we cannot get rid of these truths. The mental and physical lives are indissolubly joined together. We may behave ourselves physically and mentally and miss the full realisation of life.

The answer to the question, "Is life worth living?" depends altogether on what is meant by life.

Is physical life worth living separated from mental and moral integrity? No.

Is intellectual life worth living with little or no regard for the laws that govern the body? No.

Is it possible to live a moral life worth living, if the mental and physical life is neglected?

No; life is worth living only when all three of these natures have free expression and symmetrical development.

The real doctor of the future will be one who inquires into all these matters and attempts to advise his patients accordingly. But such a doctor must first live such a life before he can become a competent adviser for others. Some time in the future the medical college will not be a hot-bed of atheism, or a place where loose morals prevail, but will be a place where the whole man, mentally, physically and morally, is developed.

Then, indeed, will the medical college be sending out into the world the real physicians, who will be a blessing to every home they enter, and a light and beneficence in every country in which they dwell. It matters little whether they have received what is known as a medical education or not; while the world waits for the time when the physicians will be real men, physically, mentally and morally. It will not help matters much to make laws that hinder one man from practising medicine, while it bolsters up another man in the same practice. So long as a physician gives little or no heed to the moral life it matters little whether he has received a medical education or not.

THE LUXURIOUS LIFE OF A CHAMPION PUGILIST.

NOW BRING MY VEST WITH THE DIAMOND BUTTONS
YES SIR!
JACK'S VALET IS ALWAYS BUSY
DON'T MENTION IT
THANKS
HALF A CROWN CIGARS ARE THE PROPER THING
IN THE OLD DAYS

The Champion, Jack O'Brien, at Home.

THE old idea of the prize fighter as a low type of human being, earning money easily and squandering it recklessly has got the knock-out blow. The country that sent us Tod Sloan now supplies us with a high class bruiser who, as a financier, rivals in astuteness Mr. Rockefeller; as a general, Marshal Oyama; and as a beau, even the redoubtable Beau Brummell.

HIS OWN MANAGER.

His real name is Joseph F. Hagan, a patronymic sufficient to indicate his nationality, which is still more emphatically pronounced in his *nom de guerre*, Jack O'Brien. Jack O'Brien (who out of his 148 battles in an active career of ten years, has only lost one), owns real estate, manages all his own affairs, sports twenty-five suits of clothes, eight overcoats and seven vests, supports his sister in Paris, and keeps a valet to look after his wardrobe. A vastly different type of man that to the low-browed, broken-nosed, pot-house loafer who is too often the popular conception of the hero of the ring.

Jack O'Brien certainly possesses all the vital essentials to success in the ring—self-confidence, courage, nerve, and cunning. When O'Brien first entered the ring, it was in an amateur tournament, which he won without difficulty. He was successful, and shortly afterwards broke into the professional ranks. He met with poor success there, however, and his father pleaded with him to return to his old business of driving a truck. O'Brien finally decided to quit boxing, and one morning started back to his old employer to recover his job. On his way he met a friend, and the two stood talking, the friend trying to persuade him to stick to the ring. Jack hesitated a moment and then said: "Well, I've made a start at the game and I am going to stick to it, win or lose." A few weeks later he went West, and that proved the turning point in his career. Since that time he has met with unvarying success, and to-day, after his great victory over Bob Fitzsimmons, he can claim to have an equal right for the world's championship, in addition to being the owner of at least £20,000 worth of real estate and money.

From the time he first launched into the fighting world, O'Brien has been his own manager, and, having more than the usual amount of brains, has flourished. Shortly after his return from his first English trip, there was some doubt as to whether he was conducting his own business negotiations, and he was asked who was his manager. With one of his characteristic smiles, O'Brien replied, "J. Hagan does the match-making and managing, and Jack O'Brien does the fighting. They make a good combination and have yet to have their first falling out." As already stated, Hagan is his real name and O'Brien a pseudonym.

TWO TO ONE.

As a match maker O'Brien has no peer, and he conducts all his business with an

eye to the future. An instance of this occurred when he was asked to fight Jack "Twin" Sullivan at the National A.C. Philadelphia. At that time a Boston Club was also trying for the match, and O'Brien wanted to play both. He was told before he entered the ring that he would get a fifteen-round fight in Boston providing the Philadelphia bout was anyway even. For the first three rounds O'Brien cut loose, jabbing and swinging wherever he pleased, but in the fourth round he went down twice from blows in the stomach, and the result was a fairly even contest. Then the pair boxed fifteen rounds in Boston, O'Brien getting the decision. A third match was offered them in St. Louis, and O'Brien, knowing that it might be the last chance at Sullivan, sailed in for keeps, knocking out the Bostonian in three rounds.

CUTE AS A FOX.

O'Brien has made a great deal of money, but, unlike most fighters, he has not thrown it away. His first act after getting together enough money was to buy the house in which his mother and father lived, and then he sent his sister to Paris to study millinery for a year. As his bank account increased, Jack purchased several streets of two-storey houses, and now he has at least fifteen of them clear of all encumbrances. With growing success, he felt that he would like to move in better society, so he bought a handsome residence for £2000 in one of the best parts of Philadelphia. He spent £600 in fixing up the house, and then had a housewarming. He only invited the better class of his friends, and his neighbours, who had expected to see a lot of thugs hanging around, were agreeably surprised to see carriages driving up, their occupants in dress suits and the women in evening dress. He made a great impression by the affair, and to-day is held in great esteem by his neighbours.

A NEAR THING.

O'Brien is equally as shrewd in the ring as on the outside, and has pulled out of several close corners by his generalship. His narrowest escape was against Charley McKeever, on March 10th, 1902. The two had long been enemies, and the Washington Sporting Club was packed to the doors to see the contest. Half a minute after the first round started, McKeever crossed a right to the jaw, and down went O'Brien like a log. At "nine" he struggled to his feet, although he did not know what he was doing, and by hugging and clinching managed to last out the round. He was in bad shape for the remainder of the fight, but improved with each round, and managed to get a draw. For three hours afterwards he did not remember anything of the fight, and when he came to he said it was the best thing that had ever happened, as it would teach him to be more careful in the future.

Rapacious and Unscrupulous Landlords.

SOME idea of the difficulties which have to be met in dealing with wretched areas and in erecting improved dwellings may be gathered from a report just issued by the Kensington Borough Council. They decided to improve the notorious Notting Dale area, where five streets, containing one forty-fifth of the population of the borough, was responsible in one year for one-fifth of the admissions to the infirmary. Furthermore, in that institution the area was responsible for nearly a fifth of the total deaths.

It was found difficult for a public body to acquire property at the market price like an ordinary purchaser, and action was only made possible by the generous offer of Kensington's first Mayor, Sir Henry Seymour King, M.P., who placed a large sum at the disposal of the committee free of interest, and agreed to accept entire liability for all purchases, should the Council not consent to take over any property that might be bought. The first purchases, in Kenley Street, were carried through without publicity, but directly this became known prices increased considerably, and £300 and more was demanded for the ground leases of houses similar to those privately purchased for under £200.

Some of the houses contained only four habitable rooms, and nearly half were sub-let at rents which, in some cases, were as high as 1s. per night. The purchases involved great trouble, owing to the many ownerships concerned. Three courses were open—patching, re-modelling, and re-building. The first course was promptly rejected, and lofty buildings were disapproved on the score of expense and undesirability.

Twenty-six houses were re-modelled on the system of two floors only and no basements, and the tenements were properly fitted. It was also decided to pull down a row of seventeen houses with sixty-eight habitable rooms, and build six detached blocks containing thirty-six two-roomed suites.

The rents range from 3s. 6d. for single-room tenements to 8s. for three-room tenements.

PUNY MAN.

HAVE you ever paused to consider how marvellously the puny frame of man comprises powers that enable him to triumph over the largest and fiercest monster?

The lion is lord of the forest, but man is the lord of the lion. The stag and the antelope can outstrip the wind, but man can outstrip the stag and the antelope. Not literally, of course, by his limbs, but by his mind. Two things give man dominion over the brute: the faculty of reason, and the power of speech.

The latter enhances the power of the former, for man not only can reason things out for himself, but by means of conversation is enabled also to avail himself of the reasoning of other men. Thus he accumulates innumerable ideas and experiences. He combines, analyses, re-combines, compares, arranges, adapts, absorbs.

The largest animal of the present day compared with man looms gigantic, but when one thinks of the terrible monsters over which the puny form of man had to triumph in ancient days one wonders how he did it without the weapons that we possess to-day. Every now and again, some new "king of beasts" is found larger and more terrible than any previously known; the latest is a fossil discovery of the *Tyrannosaurus Rex*, dug out of the rocks in Northern Montana. He is the remains of the largest flesh eating animal yet known to the world, and has been discovered as the result of an expedition sent out by the American Museum of Natural History.

The curator of the department of Vetrebrate Paleontology of this museum, Professor Henry F. Osborn, under whose direction the expedition was sent out, has conferred upon this newly discovered monster the title "Tyrannosaurus Rex." In plain English this means the "tyrant king saurian," or the king of tyrant saurians.

MOVEMENT FOR DEVELOPMENT OF THE WHOLE FIGURE
MOVEMENT FOR DEVELOPING THE LUNGS AND BACK.
MOVEMENT FOR DEVELOPMENT OF WAIST AND SHOULDERS.
LEG AND ARM MOVEMENT FOR DEVELOPING THOSE MUSCLES.
MOVEMENT FOR DEVELOPING ARMS AND SHOULDERS.

Physical Culture at Home.

THIRTY-NINE FEET LONG.

Enough parts of this animal have been found to make it possible to estimate quite exactly what his size was. From the end of his tail to the front of his nose he probably measured about thirty-nine feet. The distance from his skull, as normally poised, to the ground would be about nineteen feet—more than three times the height of an ordinary human skeleton. A drawing showing the comparative sizes of the *Tyrannosaurus Rex* and the human skeleton has been placed on exhibition in the museum. The difference is shown to be about like that between an ostrich and an ordinary barnyard hen. The present restoration is, however, entirely preliminary.

Of such importance to science is this discovery that it has necessitated a reclassification of the carnivorous dinosaur of the cretaceous geological period. *Tyrannosaurus* now becomes the name of a new genus. These flesh eating dinosaurs of the latter part of the age of

reptiles now show themselves to have been far more diversified than had been supposed. The particular hobby of these creatures seems to have been to make life miserable for all the herbivorous dinosaurs of the period.

One of the newly named forms is that of the dynamosaurs—"powerful lizards." It seems that their particular prey was the duck-billed dinosaur or iguanodont. The iguanodonts were partly protected from attack by bony plates located along the sides of the body. Another interesting family was the ornithomimidæ—"bird mimickers," who were relatively small but extremely swift footed.

THE "TYRANT'S PREY."

But for real bigness and other terrifying qualities, Mr. Tyrannosaurus undoubtedly took the prize. He was large and strong enough to attack the great three horned triceratops—one of the most interesting of the dinosaur family, a fine skeleton of which has recently been set up in the National Museum at Washington. This animal had a skull which projected upward over the neck, like a fireman's helmet, and over each eye there was a massive horn directed forward, a third but much smaller horn being generally just over the nose. He was about twice the size of an elephant, being upwards of twenty-five feet in height. He weighed about ten tons.

The story of how this discovery was made is one of the romances of science. A few years ago Director Nornaday, of the New York Zoological park, returning from a hunting trip in the wilds of Montana, brought the curator a fossilised horn which he had picked up on his trip.

"Is it of any value?" asked the sportsman of the scientist.

"Of no great value in itself," replied the curator, "but of exceeding value as a clue. We have had many stray bones of this animal, but this find may lead us to a place where there will be parts of this beast which we have not yet found."

HOW HE WAS FOUND.

The animal to which the horn belonged was the triceratops. The summer following the return of Professor Hornaday from Montana, therefore, the museum despatched an expedition to that same section of Montana to see if they could find any more remains of triceratops. Mr. Brown, an experienced fossil hunter, was put in charge of the party. He was rewarded with the finding of exceedingly valuable remains of the triceratops, but he was still more rewarded by the finding of a few bones of what appeared to be an animal of an entirely different kind. The triceratops was a herbivorous beast. But the new bone showed clearly that they had belonged to a flesh eating dinosaur. These remains were embedded in extremely hard sandstone, and were extracted only with the greatest difficulty.

As the bones of the new carnivorous beast represented different parts of his body, Professor Osborn calculated that further excavation would reveal additional portions of the same skeleton. Accordingly a new expedition was sent out last summer under Mr. Brown, and most careful preparations were made for further exploration. The cliff under which the previous specimens had been found was thoroughly cleared, and blasting of a most careful and delicate character was undertaken from the top downwards.

TO STUDY ITS LIFE.

As a result of this work additional remains of the wonderful *Tyrannosaurus Rex* came to life as the summer wore on, so that it is now announced that representative portions of the entire body have been secured.

Doubtless paleontologists will be able to tell the world how much flesh this beast consumed in a day, what the size of his brain was, how long he lived, and at what period in the close of the great age of reptiles he fought his battles for existence; for just as astronomy, by an analysis of the solar spectrum, is able to reason out the physical characteristics of a distant star, so is paleontology able, by examination of stray bones, to describe the habits of animals who lived in the Western States of North America "when the Rocky Mountains were still *young*, and the now bare and arid western plains were a land of lakes, rivers, and luxuriant vegetation."

THE STRENUOUS MEN OF OLD.

Some Ancient Athletes.

IN a recently published article on "The Greek and the Modern Athlete," it was pretty clearly demonstrated that, on the whole, the latter is the better man. Modern notions of physical culture seem more rational than those of old, even in the best days of Greece.

At the same time there is much to interest us in the records which tell how the ancients prepared themselves for arduous undertakings and kept themselves in the pink of condition. Plutarch's "Lives" is rich in such information.

The training given by Cato the Censor to his son might serve to-day for the eduction of a young soldier. The father was himself his son's preceptor in his mental instruction, and taught him besides "not only how to throw a dart, to fight hand to hand, and to ride, but to box, to endure heat and cold, and to swim the most rapid rivers." Does not this curriculum excite the envy of every reader who strives to attain the "Mens sana in corpore sano?" The ancients were by no means of the opinion that a purely athletic training produced the men best fitted for a strenuous life. Philopœmen, as a youth, showed great capacities for wrestling, and was advised by his friends to devote himself to that art. Upon his asking whether that would be consistent with his proficiency as a soldier they told him, says Plutarch, "that the habit of body and manner of life, the diet, and exercise of a soldier and a wrestler were entirely different: that the wrestler must have much sleep and full meals, stated times of exercise and rest, every little departure from his rules being very prejudicial to him; whereas the soldier should be prepared for the most irregular changes of living, and should chiefly endeavour to bring himself to bear the want of food and sleep without difficulty."

In the life of Eumenes, there is an interesting passage describing the method adopted by that worthy to keep his men and horses in good condition while restricted to the limited space within a beleaguered castle. As for the men, he assigned to them a room, fourteen cubits in length, and gave them orders to walk in it, gradually increasing their pace. A more curious device was resorted to for exercising the horses. First of all, they were tied with strong halters to the roof of the stable. "Then he raised their heads and fore parts by a pulley, till they could scarce touch the ground with their fore feet, but at the same time they stood firm upon their hind feet. In this posture the grooms plied them with the whip and the voice; and the horses, thus irritated, bounded furiously on their hind feet, or strained to set their fore feet on the ground, by which efforts their whole body was exercised, till they were out of breath and in a foam."

Though the ancient "athlete" may have maintained his form for a few years only, the ancient soldier appears to have kept up his vigour to a good old age. In these records one is frequently struck by the agility and strength displayed by men well advanced in years. We read of a battle being won for this same Eumenes by a body of men many of whom were seventy years of age, and none less than sixty. Marius, when over sixty-five, "affecting to shake off the infirmities of age, went every day into the Campus Martius, where he took the most robust exercises along with the young men, and showed himself nimble in his arms and active on horse back, though his years had now made him heavy and corpulent." Another ancient warrior, Demetrius, when he was over fifty years of age, and a captive in the hands of his enemies, "at first supported his misfortune with patience," and exercised himself in hunting and running. There are not many men nowadays, even at the age of fifty—which, despite Dr. Osler, is not old—who could find much pleasure in running. Surely it is a pity that to the majority of men in middle life, a run for a train is a considerable trial? With proper diet and culture, a man's youth seems capable of wonderful prolongation, for an active body does much to preserve an active and unwearied mind.

AN OPEN AIR SCHOOL.

A School for "Grown-Ups" to Learn the Simple Life.

THE new garden city at Letchworth is to have an open air school where the gospel of the simple life will be expounded. It is situated about half a mile from the railway station, near to a footpath on each side of which the wheat grows shoulder high, and has been christened "Cloister Lodge."

It was visited recently by a representative of the *Daily News*, who learnt from Miss Lawerence, the originator, some details of the new school, and the reasons for calling it into existence.

"It is not for children," she said, "though at first I intended it for the instruction of children on open air lines. But as the subject developed I saw how much better it would be if I could reach those who are at present teaching children, or who have the care of them, and thus I should attain the end I have in view rather more speedily.

LEARNING SIMPLICITY.

"That end is to get people to adopt the open air life. On every hand the curative properties of the open air are recognised and adopted. How much better it would be if we took to living the open air life as a preventive of disease rather than as a mere cure. To do this properly people must learn how to live the open air life. It is not quite so simple a matter as it seems, and I am building this school so that those who wish can study the science of the open air life and see how far it can be carried out daily."

"What are your plans?"

"I am constructing a building in such a way as to make the open air life in course of time possible all the year round in England. At least I hope we shall eventually attain that end. I shall begin with a series of congresses and summer

A DUMB-BELL LESSON.

The Editor Giving a Lesson to Australian Policemen.

schools; together with holiday parties of Board School teachers at Easter and Whitsuntide, when questions of hygiene will be thoroughly studied. The class I am most anxious to reach is the leisured classes. At present there is little else for them to do but eat and dress. I do not ask them to become uncomfortably primitive in dress or surroundings. When we multiply ornament in dress or architecture, it arises from a want of knowledge of the best things. I would not for a moment stop artistic development; I would rather encourage it, but under simple, natural conditions."

Considerable progress has been made with the building of the school. The principal feature will be a wide-roofed verandah, facing south, and running round a semi-circular courtyard. The roof of red tiles will be supported by green marble pillars, and the walls will be lined with tiles. To the north of the arcade, which will serve as the living and lecture-room by day and dormitory by night, there will be a two-storey tower, the base of which will form a hall. Here it is intended to place an electrically worked organ.

NO CORNERS OR CARPETS.

Adjoining the hall will be a pantry, leading to the communal kitchen and offices. At the lower end of the arcade cubicle dressing-rooms will be provided, leading at the far end to the open-air swimming bath. The space between the two wings will be utilised as a cool courtyard for rest in very warm weather.

No provision is being made for a dining-hall; meals will be served at tables placed in alcoves round the walls of the arcade. At night hammocks will be slung for those who desire them, while others will be furnished with ordinary beds. As a protection against wind, venetian shutters have been provided, and these can also be utilised as screens at night. The open air bath will have a varying depth from four to ten feet, with concreted sides. Eventually the concrete will be covered with tiles.

There will be no carpets to harbour dust or curtains to obscure the light. Warmth will be supplied by hot water pipes under the floors and by fireplaces in the arcade. The semi-circular space in front of the verandah will be used for lectures and open air theatrical performances.

The surrounding grounds are being laid out in arbours and covered alley-ways. In front of the school an amphitheatre, some eight feet in depth, is being excavated. The sides will be turfed, and it is hoped that as the open air life is developed among the more advanced students this will be used as their meeting place.

The furniture is to be of plain oak, with no upholstery. The walls and floors will be washed down with a hose, and the rounded corners, with which the whole building is furnished, will receive daily attention with the mop; dusters and house flannels are two pet aversions of the founder. August, 1907, is named as the probable date of opening.

The Dangers of Hustling.

THE tendency towards rush is becoming more pronounced year by year in several sections of industrial life, and one of the consequences may be found in that part of the annual Report on Factories and Workshops, which records 100,609 "reported accidents" for 1905, a rise of 8.2 per cent.

"The most serious feature in the large number of accidents," the Inspector for West London writes, "is the proportion which have occurred in new buildings or buildings being repaired; nearly all fatal cases come from such places." He attributes it to a disposition to remove the scaffolding before the work on a section is complete, which exposes workers doing touching-up work to unnecessary risk.

"We continue to receive a strikingly large number of accident reports from the shipbuilding industry," says the Inspector at Newcastle-on-Tyne, which turns out half the new ships of the United Kingdom, "and I regret to say the severity of the injuries appears to increase from year to year. . . . Production appears to be carried on with greater haste, and this is an important factor in dealing with accidents, as the great majority are due to falls from stagings; and when a man is hurried he will naturally take less care when working at a height, or to save time will risk his life on a single plank."

Boys of fourteen or fifteen years old, working on board ship as rivet boys or apprentices, suffer the most serious possible accidents. "Little lads, with all the natural indiscretion and inexperience of youth, are set to work on narrow stagings at giddy heights; have to run along narrow planks with hot rivets in all weathers, and scramble up and down hold ladders, thirty or forty feet in length, with widespaced rungs, where a momentary slip means a crashing fall on to the steel flooring plates below."

An Epicure's Philosophy.

Drinks Four Quarts of Champagne Daily.

MR. JOHN A. DOONE, a New York contractor, and epicure, does not believe in the simple life. He has a good digestive mill, and therefore appreciates the good things of the table—liquid and solid. He drinks four quarts of champagne a day, and gives his reasons as follows :—

The fact that I drink four quarts of champagne every day is nothing remarkable to me. I don't drink coffee or tea, and champagne is the only drink I care for, therefore, I drink what I think my stomach calls for every day. To me champagne is not an intoxicant. It is hardly a stimulant. It is simply a satisfying beverage.

There are occasions, of course, when I may drink considerably more than four quarts a day, but they are rare because I am a busy man and have little time to spare for indulgence in luxury. The spirit of the age is very exacting, and the man who wants to succeed must be up and doing, and I find that if I sleep more than five hours I am losing time.

To keep up the steam that is necessary to keep a man moving who has the exactions to meet that I have requires lots of fuel, and, anyway, I am an advocate of abundant eating. I do not eat any breakfast in the sense that the average person does. After my bath in the morning I eat a pint of ice-cream which is made from real cream and eggs. I find that the cream answers both the purposes of water, food and coffee, and refreshes me after the night's sleep without taxing my digestive organs, which have been doing their work over night in handling the food I eat when the day's work is done. By the time I start on the day's work the ice cream has been absorbed, I am in the state of a body that is being nourished without having the blood taken from my brain which has begun to work to tend to the business of digesting a lot of food.

In the middle of the day I find myself getting hungry, but as a rule I am too busy to give much time to eating and try to patch along till dinner time on a pint of champagne, not too cold, and a cold chicken or two.

At dinner time I am hungry with the only kind of hunger that is real—that is, the hunger of a man whose digestion is perfect, and whose system, having absorbed all the initial nourishment in sight, is crying out for food that is needed to keep up blood-making. Then, whether the day has been a successful one or not, I set myself down to what can be made one of the most perfectly genuine pleasures of life—that of a good dinner.

I often wonder as I look around me in restaurants and see men and women ordering a single portion of something for two, and see a table of four or five persons trying to get a dinner from a scrappy little bit of food, whether people starve themselves with the idea that they are saving money, or whether they can't afford to eat more.

People do not seem to think whne it comes to eating that according to the value of the food one eats they are strong or weak, and I'll pit a good, everyday steak and champagne consumer against a half dozen vegetarians any day.

So few people eat enough ; lots of people get up from the table "so full," as they say ; but, in reality, they are not. As a rule, that full feeling comes from drinking water with their meals, and as it is heavy and washy, it creates an unnatural condition in the stomach. If they would eat their food as prepared, or confine themselves to a little champagne, they could eat more and live longer.

I drink, as a rule, a quart and a pint of champagne, because I think it's good for me ; and I drink a quart also before going to bed ; the difference between what I drink at meals and in the evening I drink at lunch and in the afternoon, when other men are poisoning their stomachs with cocktails.

Here is a specimen average dinner consumed by Epicure Dooner :—

Three dozen large oysters on the shell.
Eight brook trout, broiled.
Two portions of picked crab meat.
Two portions of turtle soup.
One sirloin steak.
Three portions of cold asparagus.
Five baked potatoes.
One whole hot mince pie.
One quart and a pint of champagne.

"Motor Diseases."

The Hard Lot of the Motor-'Bus Driver.

"THERE is no doubt," says a Harley Street surgeon, "that drivers of motor vehicles are liable to special and peculiar ailments.

THE DRIVER'S TASK.

"He has the brakes to work, the car to drive, and his engines to watch; and also to sound his horn or other warning. If his brakes fail he then has to resort to his steering gear, and if that also fails he has to fall back upon his engines, and he must be prepared at any instant to find some means of avoiding an accident.

"All these operations are quite sufficient strain upon him, but beyond this, owing to the ordinary rapidity of his 'bus, he has to maintain keen alertness in getting through general traffic, avoiding slow vans and carts, and foot passengers, and children who run about the streets with no knowledge or thought of danger.

"These constitute an uncertain quantity which imposes upon the driver severe continuous mental tension.

"Then again there is the picking up and putting down of passengers at any spot when signalled, and the careful watching of old or slow people, so that he may not start too quickly and yet not lose time. This complication of duties produces the spinal affection I have mentioned, and also what we call 'neck sickness,' another consequence of the severe, unbroken strain on his physical and nervous system.

"And, further, there is a great strain upon the eyes, dust sets up irritation, and the men are apt to contract ophthalmia.

WORSE THAN ENGINE DRIVING.

"A motor 'bus driver has a far more difficult task than a railway engine driver, and looking at the influences of his occupation I feel that he should be very specially considered and properly looked after.

"It is a question of public safety. A tired, hungry man is not a proper person to be in charge of such a vehicle, because he cannot keep up his nerve and becomes naturally lax, and therefore he is a public danger, as accidents may result from his loss of vigilance and nerve steadiness.

"To avoid such results the motor 'bus driver should, and must, be allowed shorter hours, ample time for food, full rest if he falls ill, good wages, and full pay when on sick leave, so that he may not be tempted to resume work before he is fit for it, in order to earn the money he loses by being off duty.

"These precautions and safeguards ought to be made compulsory by Parliament, and the companies ought to be required to engage medical men to watch the drivers, otherwise I predict not an occasional accident, but a motor holocaust. All rules made by the companies should also be overlooked and checked by a competent official authority in order that no regulations may be passed which would be likely to irritate and worry the men and so upset their nerves."

Other suggestions were also advanced, but the above will suffice to indicate the importance of the subject from the public and the driver's point of view.

The Septic Touch.

IT is, of course, not humanly possible to practise a standard of personal cleanliness which will defy bacteriological inquiry, but all the same it must be admitted that cleanliness is on the whole an enemy to disease. We cannot go about our ordinary daily pursuits with sterilised faces and hands, breathe sterilised air, drink sterilised water, and eat sterilised food. In other words, says the *Lancet*, we cannot adopt the same bacteriological refinements in everyday life which the surgeon must insist upon during an operation, or the bacteriologist when he prepares pure cultures. We live, it is true, in an atmosphere of bacteriological entities, many of which are pathogenic, and the most we can do is to guard ourselves against their attacks by preserving a standard of vitality and resisting power by rendering common allegiance to hygienic laws, and in this matter we may favour our chances of a healthy life by avoiding sundry daily habits which, as the teachings of bacteriology, and, indeed, of common sense, show, are not free from risk. We need not lick the postage stamp, or submit to the operations of a barber who does not take rea-

sonable antiseptic precautions, or, in our own homes, at all events, drink out of a dirty glass or eat from a dirty place. It is often difficult, however, to avoid circumstances which involve a septic touch. What assurance is there of the cleanliness of the glass at refreshment bars; of the knife and fork at the cafe? What filth may linger in the chinks of the coins of the realm, what objectionable dirt may be left on the door handle? and so forth. While in many instances we fear that it is impossible to introduce the refinements indicated, yet there are obviously several directions in which a better and more cleanly system than exists could be introduced. We may mention one. The common water tap is necessarily turned on or off by the dirty hand, but it would be much more convenient, and certainly more cleanly, if the supply of water could be controlled by a pedal valve. In that case the hands would be left perfectly free and there would be no tap to be soiled by dirty hands. The pedal valve would also defeat the habit of those slovenly persons who commence to wash their hands before the tap is turned off, and then when sufficient water has been obtained turn the tap off with wet and soapy hands.

The Giant Strength of Water.

IMAGINE a perpendicular column of water more than one-third of a mile high, 26 inches in diameter at the top and 24 inches in diameter at the bottom. Those remarkable conditions are complied with, as far as power goes, in the Mill Creek plant, which operates under a head of 1960 feet, says Hamilton Wright, in *The World To-day*. This little column of water, which, if liberated, would be just about enough to make a small trout stream, gives a capacity of 5200 horse-power or enough power to run a good sized ocean going vessel. As the water strikes the buckets of the water wheel it has a pressure of 850 pounds to the square inch. What this pressure implies is evidenced by the fact that the average locomotive carries steam at a pressure of 190 or 200 pounds to the square inch. Were this stream, as it issues from the nozzle, turned upon a hillside, the earth would fade away before it like snow before a jet of steam. Huge boulders, big as city offices, would tumble into ravines with as little effort as a clover burr is carried before the hydrant stream on a front lawn. Brick walls would crackle like paper, and the highest skyscrapers crumble before a stream like that of the Mill Creek plant.

In His Country's Defence.

"Punch" and the British Citizen.

Punch has been having a nasty smack at the City clerk. Referring to Mr. Haldane's remark that the country "will not be dragooned into conscription," *Punch* says it is "the inalienable right of the free-born British citizen to decline to lift a finger in his country's defence." And Mr. Owen Seaman, the editor, writes:—

O City clerk, in whom the hopes are stored
Of England's manhood, let me talk with you—
With you whose pen is mightier than the sword
(And far far safer, too).

Soon you will trip to some salubrious Spa,
Or pluck delight from Southend shrimps and tea
Flaunting beneath a so-called Panama
Beside the so-called sea.

There you will blow the expense and softly lie
In some hotel abutting on the brine,
And have your food (en pension) served you by
A waiter from the Rhine.

Him you will treat with well-deserved contempt,
Poor Teuton, seared with vile Conscription's brand,
Not like yourself, a gentleman exempt
From duty to his land.

You are a free-born City clerk, and boast
That you can buy the necessary slaves—
Tommies that undertake to man the coast,
And Tars to walk the waves.

Besides, the leisure hours in which you slack
Are owed to Sport—the Briton,s primal law;
You have to watch a game of ball, or back
A horse you never saw.

Splendid, mon brave! you have a sporting nerve
Unknown to these dull churls of Teuton breed;
Yet here's a man has learned at least to serve
His Fatherland at need.

He sings his "Wacht am Rhein," and, if the thing
Wants watching with a rifle, he'll be there;
When you've invited Heaven to "save the King"
You think you've done your share.

They've taught him how to march in fighting kit
And drill a likely hole in human butts;
You have no discipline and couldn't hit
A haystack, not for nuts.

His women-folk are safe in their appeal
To his protection when the bullets skirl,
While your "fionsy"—well, I really feel
Quite sorry for the girl.

For this poor "conscript" whom the tyrants grind,
Though he may miss your British freedom's scope,
Yet knows the use of arms, where you would find
Your legs your only hope.

So doff your hat to him when next you meet
And pray that, when his prentice task is done,
If you should cross him on a raiding beat,
He'll give you time to run.

ARTICLETTES.

How to Feel Cool.

SIMPLE REMEDIES FOR HEAT DISCOMFORTS.

PAIN and grief are depicted on the faces of nine men and women out of ten over the age of thirty whom one meets walking in the street in these hot days. It is hardly possible to cross from one's front door to a carriage, or from one omnibus to another, without looking abjectly, haggardly miserable, and producing a handkerchief and mopping hot damp cheeks and forehead.

An unscientific, non-medical inquirer who has been investigating cures for this state of affairs holds that prevention is very easy. The simplest remedies are, as usual, the best. Much nonsense is written about the harm of cold water and iced drinks, which are doubtless very bad, externally and internally, for weak people, but perfectly proper for sound folk. Cold baths, cold douches, an occasional burying of the face in cold water, and plenty of iced gingerbeer or whisky and mineral water for lunch, can do no harm to any healthy man, or, at any rate, not nearly as much harm as the lassitude, discomfort, and violent perspiration of endless heat.

Eau de Cologne, toilet vinegar, and such-like simple astringents for the skin should be used in cold water much more freely; and exposure to the sun while out of doors will be found less heating to the face than shading it by a wide hat from every touch of the sun and breath of the air. Giving way to lassitude is a great mistake.

TOILET VINEGAR REMEDY.

"When I feel especially limp," said a well known City man to a *Daily Mail* representative, "I put my head in a basin of toilet vinegar and cold water for a moment, and then go for a sharp walk down Moorgate Street."

Among the more elaborate remedies for a skin whose discomfort has become intolerable, hot wet towels wrapped round the face are very effective; a flannel bag full of ice held at the back of the neck and the ears is even more pleasant; and the "vibro-massage" to be obtained now in most hairdressers' shops keeps the skin of one's face dry and cool and tingling pleasantly for several hours.

The last is a lengthy and complicated business, consisting of wrapping the face for ten minutes in towels soaked in hot watter, rubbing in some ointment, applying an electric vibrator for ten minutes, and finishing up with cold water towels and powder. The charge is usually 2s. 6d.; but the business can easily be done at home in any house where electric light is laid on.

Bilious Headache.

A SLUGGISH, unhealthy condition of the liver may be the cause of this distress, or persons who are in the habit of overeating, or persons not having sufficient exercise, are liable to such attacks. A dull pain of a persistent character about the forehead and temples and behind the eyes is one of the best symptoms of bilious headache; throbbing of the temples, head hot and sore, tongue coated and lost appetite. In acute cases soak the feet in very hot water, as this tends to draw the blood from the head. If the stomach is overloaded open the bowels freely by taking a dose of Rochelle salts. Take very little food, and do not use coffee under any circumstances. Take plenty of outdoor exercise, be temperate, and avoid excesses of all kinds, and strictly observe the rules of hygiene.

Sleep.

ALL our senses do not slumber simultaneously, but they fall into a happy state of insensibility one after another. The eyelids take the lead and obscure sight; the sense of taste is next to lose its susceptibility; then follow smelling, hearing, and touch, the last named being the lightest sleeper and the most easily aroused. It is curious that, although the sense of smell is one of the first to slumber, it is the last to awake. Hearing, after touch, soonest regains consciousness. Certain muscles and parts of the body begin to sleep before others. Commencing with the feet, the slumberous influence works its way gradually upward to the centre of nervous action.—*Family Doctor.*

A Record Temperature.

DR. HELLER describes the case of a fifteen year old girl, who went through an illness of about a week's duration, of which the only tangible symptoms of note, in addition to the fever, were moderate swelling of the spleen and a soft heart murmur. The temperature was remarkable, however, in that on one occasion it reached 113° Fahr. and on several others 111.2° Fahr., the upper of which limits has, according to the doctor, never before been reported. In taking the temperature four different thermometers of tested accuracy were used, and the readings were checked by three other persons in addition to Dr. Heller. All of the manifestations usually attending high fever were absent in this case. The tongue was moist and not coated, the brain was not affected, and the heart was comparatively quiet.

IN THE ARENA OF SPORT.

Swimming Records by Billington.

AT Ramsay recently David Billington, of Bacup, the English champion swimmer, broke the three-quarter mile record, previously held by J. Nuttall, by 16 9-10 sec., Billington's time being 18 min. 51 3-5 sec. He subsequently broke the thousand yards record, previously held by J. A. Jarvis, by 13½ sec., Billington's time being 13 min. 56½ sec. He used the trudgeon stroke. An immense concourse of visitors witnessed his performance.

Punting Champion.

FOR the third time in succession W. Haines, of Old Windsor, has won the Professional Punting Championship at Maidenhead. There were four competitors, W. Haines, the holder, of Old Windsor; F. Nicholls, of Egham; C. Clark, of Sunbury; and H. George, of Oxford. Haines and George met in the final, and Haines won easily by four lengths in 9 min. 30 sec. This was his third successive win, and the eighth time he has won the championship.

Rough on Wrestlers.

Extraordinary interest, says a Lisbon correspondent, was taken in the international wrestling contests held there recently, but while the favourite wrestlers were cheered and feted, others, and among them the German champion, were regularly pelted with potatoes, onions, and walking sticks.

The final contest between the French champion Pons and Appolon, a black man, who calls himself the "King of Strength," was marked by scenes of great disorder. The audience, thinking that a hoax was being played upon them, as the contestants failed to bring about a decisive result, hurled missiles at the men. Over two hundred chairs were broken into pieces and thrown at them. There was soon a free fight, and several members of the jury were carried out of the ring wounded. Ladies in the boxes fainted with terror.

Policemen who appeared on the scene were also roughly treated. A large number of arrests were made.

Jarvis Scores Again.

JARVIS, the Leicester amateur, is now the swimming champion of Paris. In the swimming contest across Paris, Jarvis, after travelling about 100 yards, suddenly forged ahead with a powerful stroke, and was never caught again. His fine style evoked the admiration of all spectators, only one arm appearing above the water with the rhythm and power of an engine.

At 11.22 the band on the accompanying steamer struck up "God Save the King," as a cannon-shot announced that Jarvis, fit and fresh, had crossed the line an easy winner. He had accomplished the seven and a half miles in the record time of 2 hrs. 42 min., beating by 23 min. the time made by Bouguin, the winner of the professional race a fortnight ago.

Jarvis was the only English representative. He will compete for the Amateur Championship of the World, organised by the French Athletic Union, on August 15th.

A Veteran Athlete.

AT the Swindon Licensed Victuallers' sports a veteran runner of forty-six years of age carried off the 120, 300, and 80 yards (veterans' race). In the sprint he received 20 yards, and covered the 100 yards (veterans') in 11⅕ sec. in the teeth of a strong wind.

The Bowler's Terror.

THE Surrey bowler, Knox, has apparently spread dismay among batsmen. It is a long time since a fast bowler has spread such dismay among batsmen generally as Knox has done recently. At the close of the Surrey *v.* Yorkshire match at the Oval the Hon. F. S. Jackson said to a *Sportsman* representative: "I feel as I think I should have done if I had been engaged in a boxing match at the National Sporting Club."

Lord Hawke, the Yorkshire captain, was in the dressing-room endeavouring, in spite of his bruises and lumbago, to get into his ordinary attire, while T. A. Taylor was reclining in a chair, suffering from thumps he had received on different parts of the body. "Give you our team for Monday?" said his lordship. "Well, I don't know what sort of a team it will be, for we are pretty well 'crocked.' Mr. Jackson won't play, that's certain, and the others have been a good deal knocked about, but I can give you sixteen or seventeen names from whom we shall pick a side of some sort."

The Yorkshire captain accepted the defeat with a good grace, but, judging from his conversation, he considered that his team had to take more risks than batsmen should be called upon to face when playing the noble and national game of old England.

Wickets at any Price.

THE same player is severely criticised in the *Sheffield Telegraph*. "Looker-on" writes:—"Knox has got a lot of wickets this year, but he is not so much a bowler as a human catapult on his form against Yorkshire. A greater regard for length and a smaller sacrifice for mere

speed would bring him more into the category of great bowlers. He and May bowled for slip catches without any question; they knew the wicket was adamant, and knew they had three and occasionally four safe men helping Studwick a very long way behind the wicket, and anything more than half-way up the pitch was good enough, granted that it had pace and devil. The results were not pleasant. F. S. Jackson was hit over the heart, Rhodes on the point of the jaw, Wilkinson on the shoulder, Lord Hawke on the muscles of the forearm, Denton on the elbow, and Hirst practically everywhere save on the head, and he only saved that by repeatedly ducking. I admit that the laws of the game—the written laws, that is—allow this to go on, and I am also prepared to allow that Surrey apparently had to win the game at whatever cost to the other side, but I defy anyone to argue that the game was a pleasant one to watch whilst Yorkshire were batting.

"I went to the Oval prepared to see Yorkshire beaten—my readers know that full well—but I did not want to see them battered as well. A man may bowl as fast as he likes, provided he keeps something of a length now and then, but the 'wicket at any price' principle does not appeal to me. We had a lot of that at the Oval. I do not think the same methods will meet with favour at Bramall Lane next month."

Wigan Wins Championship.

THE Liverpool Centre Quarter-Mile Championship of the National Cyclists' Union was this year won by Ben Jones, of Wigan, W. Jolly, a fellow clubman, being second, and R. E. Howard, of Warrington, third. Jones' times was 36⅘ secs.

Derbyshire Wins Championship.

STRONG teams representing Lancashire and Staffordshire met at Blackburn recently in the English Counties Water Polo Championship match. The game was preceded by the Northern Counties 150 yards championship, which attracted only three entrants, of whom Taylor, the world's champion, was absent. Result; J. Derbyshire (holder), beat D. Morris, Blackburn, by six yards. Time, 1 min. 45⅘ secs. At polo Lancashire were the better side, E. Forsyth being smart and scoring four goals in the first half. Eric Forsyth added two and Swift one in the second half, Lancashire winning by seven goals to nil.

South London Harriers Win.

AT the Reading A.C. sports recently Nigel Barker, the Australian champion, was an unsuccessful competitor in the sprint, which was won by R. Gollings, St. Bride's A.C., from the 9½ yards mark in 10 secs. The chief event was a 1000 yards relay race, in which the South London Harriers, represented by A. Longhurst, J. B. Densham L. J. de B. Reed, and L. George, beat the London Athletic Club, C. H. Jupp (the furlong champion), H. Watson, C. Fox, and L. Tremeer.

The Surrey Wonder.

HAYWARD, at the moment of writing, is still at the head of the batting averages with a record of 73·66 for thirty-six completed innings. Should he keep his average up and have as many innings as last year he will score 4272 runs. This feat is hardly likely to happen, however, and Hayward will probably be quite content to beat Abel's record aggregate of 3309 in 1901. Hayward also looks like beating Fry's record number of centuries in a season—thirteen, in the same season as Abel made his record Hayward has already made twelve, and now wants some 500 runs to equal Abel's record.

Cricketer and Legislator.

MR. FREEMAN-THOMAS, the lately elected M.P., is the latest addition to the distinguished band of cricketers who adorn Westminster. Mr. Thomas played for Cambridge against Oxford in 1886-87-88-89, but he had only slight success in the University match, although he was at the head of the Light Blue batting averages both in 1887 and in 1889. Though on the losing side on each occasion he has the satisfaction of remembering that in 1886 and 1887 he took part in two of the most historic University matches. In the former year K. J. Key and W. Rashleigh scored 243 for the first wicket in the second innings of Oxford, and in 1887 Lord George Scott and Eustace Crawley, respectively the final choice for Oxford and Cambridge, each played a three-figure innings. After he left Cambridge Mr. Freeman-Thomas made occasional appearances for Sussex, but he seemed to take more interest in local cricket, and thanks to him the club near his home at Willingdon became famous for some years.

International Bowls.

SCOTLAND beat England by 153 points to 142 at the Brownswood and Bounds Green rinks, London, N.

Scottish Golf Champion.

THE Scottish amateur golf championship has this year been placed to the credit of L. Ayton (St. Andrews), who beat A. S. Johnstone (Edinburgh) by two and one, and thus became the holder of the 100 guinea trophy.

Better than a Fishing Yarn.

THERE were some very fast bowlers among old-time cricketers. Alfred Mynn must have been exceptionally fast. According to his own account in one match he struck the "second stop"—(observe the "second stop")—in the chest, in consequence of which the unfortunate fieldsman "spat blood for a fortnight." There is another story which is told of Alfred Mynn, and also of "Brown," of Brighton. In this case the bowler was practising, and a man was trying to stop the ball with an open coat behind the wicket. The ball went clean through the coat and afterwards killed a dog.

Bosanquet's Broomstick.

MR. B. J. T. BOSANQUET, the Middlesex amateur, was one of the players in a cricket match between Miss Violet Twining's team and Miss B. M. Cumming's team at Frensham Hill, Surrey, recently, and was top scorer with 26. Like the rest of the male players, he batted with a broomstick. He was given out l.b.w.

World's Sculling Champion.

THE match for the sculling championship of the world and £500 a side between J. Stanbury the world's champion, and George Towns, ex-champion, was rowed on the Parramatta over a course of three miles 330 yards, ending in a win for Towns by twenty lengths in 19 min. 53½ secs. Both commenced at a tremendous pace, and at the end of the first mile, which was covered in 5 min. 45¾ secs., Stanbury was just in front. Sculling 28 to the minute, Stanbury led by two lengths at a mile and a half, his time being 8 min. 50⅘ sec., and at two miles, time 11 min. 27⅘ sec., he had increased his advantage to three lengths.

Towns then began to draw on the leader, and at two and a half miles he spurted past him. From this point to the end the race became a mere procession.

Stanbury was said to be suffering from rheumatism in the left arm.

Lees' Bumper Benefit.

IN the course of the recent three days Surrey *v.* Yorkshire match at the Oval 61,810 people paid for admission to the ground, the number on the concluding Saturday being 19,962, as against 21,940 on Thursday and 19,608 on Friday. The gate money thus amounted to £1545 5s., while collections on the ground realised nearly £300. Thus with these substantial amounts, some £200 or £300 from a recent jockeys and athletes match, the sale of three day tickets, and the subscription list, Lees should receive about some £2500 for his services to Surrey during the past ten years.

The anticipation, therefore, that Lees would have a record benefit for a South of England cricketer has been fully realised. Indeed, it will probably be found that the figures of the benefits of Arthur Mold, of Lancashire, and of the late J. T. Brown, of Yorkshire, have been equalled, but it cannot be hoped that the £3703 2s. realised by the Yorkshire *v.* Lancashire match of 1904 at Leeds for G. H. Hirst has been approached. Then 28,792 people paid for admission, and higher prices were charged than at the Oval.

Cambridge *v.* Harvard.

HOW THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT RACE WAS ARRANGED.

THE forthcoming eight-oar match between Cambridge and Harvard Universities is already arousing widespread interest, and bids fair to be the biggest event decided in the rowing world for many a year. The race has been definitely fixed for Saturday, September 8th, over the Putney to Mortlake course. On that day the tide will serve for the race to be started about 4.30 p.m.

The match is the outcome of a sporting offer from Harvard to come over and row Cambridge, and there was nothing in the shape of a formal challenge. Mr. R. C. Lehmann, M.P., took a leading part in the arrangements, and on receipt of the Harvard invitation he at once got in touch with the Cambridge President, Mr. H. M. Goldsmith, and his crew. Fortunately it turned out that with one exception all the members of the victorious Light Blue eight of this year would be available, and a cable fixing up the match was at once despatched.

The interests of Harvard are represented in England by Mr. F. L. Higginson, who rowed "four" in the Harvard eight the year they were coached by Mr. Lehmann, and stroked the winning Harvard eight the following year. Mr. Higginson has this summer taken a house at Bourne End, which adjoins Mr. Lehmann's place, so that no difficulty has been experienced in arranging all the necessary preliminaries.

Both crews will do their earlier preparation at Bourne End. The Cantabs will return to their old quarters at the Quarry Hotel (where the eggs came from) next Monday, and Mr. Lehmann has placed Fieldhead boathouse at their disposal. The Harvard men will be located at Riversdale, a very pleasantly situated boarding-house on the Bucks bank of the river, about a quarter of a mile below the Cambridge quarters. No arrangements have yet been made as to housing their boat.

The utmost good feeling has always existed between Cambridge and Harvard, and the coming contest will cement the existing ties. The contest between the winning 'Varsity eight of England and the United States will, of course, be a unique event in the history of rowing

Scientific Dieting.

IN several diseases, treatment depends on the successful mapping out of a diet. Diabetes cannot be dealt with by any cunning in chemistry; but once a rigid system of feeding has been adopted drugs may do good. To many diseased states of the kidneys the same remark applies. And other conditions where diet is a prime factor in treatment are gout, rheumatism, consumption, epilepsy, anæmia, and, naturally, diseases of the digestive apparatus, including dyspepsia and constipation. Even where diet is only of secondary importance, however, its assistance may count for much, especially where the advice of the physician having been obtained, it is exactly adjusted to the needs of the system. The scope of diet as a means in treatment is continually extending with fresh discoveries regarding disease and new experiments regarding the efficacy of various articles of food. Quite recently, for instance, what is known as "zemotherapy"—the liberal introduction of raw meat into the dietary—has been shown to have a favourable influence in consumption, both helping to lessen the risks of hæmorrhage, and increasing the patient's chances of recovery.—*People's Friend.*

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[Perhaps the correspondent to whom this is addressed will kindly reply to Mr. Jamieson, 17, Quendale Lane, Lerwick].

To Mr. Robert Lever.

SIR,—Having read with interest your letter and measurements in SANDOW'S MAGAZINE, dated February 1st, and as I go in for Sandow's System myself I was very much interested in your increase for only three months (especially the arms) where you have made really great progress. Now, although I have been working at it for some time I fail to make much progress with my arms (especially the forearms), and they are the worst of my measurements. I am working with 5 lb. dumb-bells now. I do exercise No. 1 eighty times, and No. 2 thirty-seven times (both for biceps and triceps), and No. 8 (for forearms) eighty-five times. Seeing the progress you have made in both these measurements I thought perhaps you might be kind enough to let me know if you thought I ought to do them more or less times. Having to start work early in the mornings I can only manage the exercise once a day (at night).

ALEX. JAMIESON.

After Records.

Bow, London, E.

SIR,—I write this in reference to the letter by C. H. Dancey, Gloucester, in your interesting magazine of the 19th inst. You said that you would like to hear of any of your readers who could break this record, viz., stretching twenty-two of your developer strands.

I am very pleased to inform you that I know of a young man who can break this record, and he is ready to repeat the performance whenever required.

A. G. JONES.

[If Mr. Jones will kindly get his friend to write a letter giving full particulars it would very much interest the readers and I shall be pleased to send both Mr. Jones and friend, Club Fellowship Medal.—THE PRESIDENT].

How to Help the Cause.

Wakefield.

SIR,—I hope you will pardon my presumption in writing to you to tell you of my experience as a physical culture novice. I started three years ago when I was fifteen, and since then I have made progress in a remarkable manner. When I noticed how much benefit I derived from exercise I decided to give my chums the "nod," and accordingly I started by passing on to three other boys my copies of SANDOW'S MAGAZINE. They showed great interest, so I invited them to take exercise with me. We culled exercises from "Strength and How to Obtain it," and from "Body Building," and when we were well acquainted with the books I passed them on to yet another circle of friends This happened in Liverpool. A year ago I removed with the family to Wakefield, and on coming away I distributed my apparatus among those whose interest had been aroused. I still have a desire to help others in this matter, feeling that it is the only way in which I can show my gratitude for the good I have received. I should be glad if you would find time to give me a few hints as to how I might further help the cause of physical culture.

FRED. W. JAMES.

[My correspondent is sincerely thanked for his efforts on behalf of physical culture. If he and other readers would bring the Magazine before their local newsagents they would still further assist the good cause.—THE PRESIDENT].

Mind Makes Muscle.

Lerwick.

SIR,—I received your letter, and I wish to thank you for your advice. This last month I have been trying to put more mind into the exercises, and I find that is what I have been neglecting in time past. I can't manage to do the exercises so many times, but the result is I have gained more on my chest and arms

last month than I have done for any two months before, and it does not take me so long to get through the exercises, so I have more time for a walk in the open air.

ALEX. JAMIESON.

This Letter Contains a Warning.

Camberwell, S.E.

SIR,—About four years ago I had several bad attacks of heart palpitation and indigestion, and I was always catching cold on the lungs. Being a hairdresser at the time, and my hours being from 8 a.m. till 10 p.m. I could not get any outdoor recreation, but one of the customers, viz., Mr. V. Banbury, who was a member of one of your London schools, sold me his chest expander, and showed me how to use it, also breathing exercises. I used it fifteen minutes both night and morning, and at the end of three months I had cured myself of the above complaints, had put two inches on round chest, and could open five strands in front, only being able to open two when I started. Then I bought one of your developers, which I used for a little while, and then I am sorry to say I got lazy, and dropped it all.

About six months later I was taken very bad with rheumatism and sciatica, the result of sleeping in a damp room, or sometimes a damp bed. I had *pints of medicine* from my doctor, and tried two or three patent medicines, but only got worse. The pains round the hips and thighs were at times unbearable, they made me perspire all the time I was working, or if I walked down the road even slowly. This caused me to be always catching cold, mostly in the kidneys, till in a few weeks my back was very weak. At this time I was taking in every magazine on physical culture, and had read several articles on dieting, so I gradually went off meat and started the nut and fruit diet, and also started exercise again. I bought a pair of your spring grip dumb-bells, used them at night and the developer in the morning. I also had a flannel belt made eight inches wide to prevent me catching any more colds in the kidneys, but always removed it when exercising, putting most time into the abdominal movements, which strengthened my back so much that in six weeks I began cutting the belt away, quarter inch every day, till I was free of it altogether, and in five months sticking to your system and the nut and fruit diet the rheumatism and sciatica had quite disappeared. I started putting on weight and at the end of eighteen months, during which time I refused meat a place in my diet, I was one-and-a-half stones heavier, and of the right stuff. When I started this experiment I got plenty of chipping, and some said I would get as thin as a rake if I did not eat some meat, but this I have proved to be rubbish, and if more people knew the value of nuts and fruit as medicine they would not waste so much time and money on doctors. I always recommend it whenever I meet anyone with the complaints I had, and always keep several of your magazines in my saloon for customers to read while they are waiting. I have also given several single stout chest expanders to friends and lent them your magazines. This is no trouble, but to get them to stick to it is another matter. I have found this a job myself sometimes, so I have just joined the Trinity and St. George's Physical Culture Club, 285, Albany Road, Camberwell, which has lately started. The fee is only 5s. per quarter, and the instructor is Mr. A. Danks, Sandow's gold medallist.

A. J. STERK.

Sea Voyages for Invalids.

THE discussion on "Sea Voyages for Invalids," published in the *Journal of Balneology and Climatology*, January, 1906, provoked a number of opinions as to the advantages and disadvantages of sea travel for invalids. The consensus of opinion, including that of Dr. Robert W. Felkin, who opened the discussion, seemed to be, as a rule, against the treatment. He stated that the principal ailments which precluded a sea voyage are: (*a*) The strength of the patient—if there is too great exhaustion it is better to keep on land; (*b*) grave dyspepsia; (*c*) hepatic enlargement; (*d*) cardiac dilatation; (*e*) pyrexia or any inflammatory condition; (*f*) any tendency to hæmorrhage; (*g*) epilepsy; (*h*) insanity; (*i*) pregnancy; (*k*) patients suffering from eye disease; (*l*) any kidney disease; (*m*) phthisis, except, perhaps, in the very worst stages. Dr. F. Sandwith's remark that: "The doctor who sent many patients to sea was generally one who had not done much travelling in bad weather," succeeded best perhaps in summing up the situation.—*The Journal of Tropical Medicine.*

Phosphorus in Apples.

APPLES are said to contain more phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable, and it is claimed that this makes them specially adapted to renewing the nervous matter of the brain and spinal cord. According to a contemporary, it is perhaps for the same reason, rudely understood, the old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit for renewing their powers of mind and body. As far back as the 10th century medical authorities became enthusiastic in their writings over remarkable curative properties of different fruits. In more modern times this has been revived, and nearly everyone has heard of the "grape cure," the apple, peach, or strawberry cure. One writer is said to have recommended, in special cases, eating twenty pounds of strawberries a day. The same writer also cites cases in which maniacs have regained their reason by the exclusive use of cherries. These instances savour of the ridiculous, but there is no doubt that the so-called "grape cure" for indigestion and other evils has resulted in great good to persons trying it. The fruit should be of good quality; if it is not, and the grapes are sour and watery, the patient may be harmed rather than benefited. —*Family Doctor.*

THE ATHLETE'S LIBRARY.

Muscle Building.

By Dr. L. H. Gulick, Director of Physical Training in the New York public schools. A complete treatise on the correct method of acquiring muscular strength. Illustrated with numerous full-page engravings.

How to Wrestle.

Without question the most complete and up-to-date book on wrestling that has ever been printed. Edited by F. R. Toombs, and devoted principally to special poses and illustrations by George Hackenschmidt, the "Russian Lion." It shows the champion in many poses, and also contains a special article on "Training," in which he gives good advice to beginners. The book also contains in addition, many full pages of poses by Tom Jenkins and other famous wrestlers. Besides showing accurately how to secure each hold and fall, the book also contains interesting articles on training, and the official rules for all styles of wrestling.

Jiu Jitsu.

A complete description of this famous Japanese system of self-defence. Each move thoroughly explained and illustrated with numerous full-page pictures of Messrs. A. Minami and K. Koyama, two of the most famous exponents of the art of Jiu Jitsu, who posed especially for this book.

Dumb-Bells.

The Author, Mr. G. Bojus, was formerly superintendent of physical culture in the Elizabeth (N.J.) public schools. Instructor at Columbia University (New York), instructor for four years at the Columbia summer school, and is now proprietor of the Park Place Gymnasium, at 14, Park Place, New York City. The book contains 200 photographs of all the various exercises, with the instructions in large, readable type. It should be in the hands of every teacher and pupil of physical culture, and is invaluable for home exercise as well.

How to Run 100 yards.

By J. W. Morton, 100 yards British champion and 100 and 120 yards Canadian champion. Written with the express purpose of initiating novices into the mysteries of a good style, and tended to improve the sprinting of short-distance runners. His own success demonstrates the value of his instructions. Fully illustrated with photographs of the author in action.

How to Punch the Bag.

By W. H. Rothwell ("Young Corbett"). This book is undoubtedly the best treatise on bag punching that has ever been printed. Each variety of blow used in training is shown and explained. The pictures comprise thirty-three full-page reproductions of Young Corbett as he appears while at work in his training quarters. The photographs were taken by a special artist, and cannot be seen in any other publication. Fancy bag punching is treated by a well known theatrical bag puncher, who shows the latest tricks.

Boxing Guide.

For many years books have been issued on the art of boxing, but it has remained for us to arrange a book that we think is sure to fill all demands. It contains over seventy pages of illustrations showing all the latest blows, posed especially for this book under the supervision of a well known instructor of boxing, who makes a specialty of teaching and knows how to impart his knowledge. They are so arranged that anyone can easily become proficient.

Ten Minutes' Exercise for Busy Men.

By Dr. Luther Halsey Gulick, Director of Physical Training in the New York public schools. Anyone who is looking for a concise and complete course of physical education at home would do well to procure a copy of this book. Ten minutes' work as directed is exercise anyone can follow. It already has had a large sale, and has been highly commended by all who have followed its instructions. Nearly 100 pages of illustrations and 100 of text.

How to Sprint.

A complete and detailed account of how to train for the short distances. Every athlete who aspires to be a sprinter can study this book to advantage and gain a great deal of useful knowledge. Illustrated from photographs, showing correct and incorrect methods.

Weight Throwing.

By James S. Mitchel, Champion American weight thrower, and holder of American, Irish, British and Canadian championships. Probably no other man in the world has had the varied and long experience of James S. Mitchell in the weight throwing department of athletics. The book is written in an instructive way, and gives valuable information, not only for the novice, but for the expert as well. It is replete with life-like illustrations of Champion John Flanagan throwing the hammer, Dennis Horgan, British and Irish champion shot-putter, and others.

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ALDWYCH—At 8, "The Beauty of Bath." Mat. Sat. at 2.

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COURT—At 8 15, 'You Can Never Tell." Mat. Wed. at 2 30.

CRITERION—At 8.30. "The Prince Chap." Mat. Sat. at 2.30.

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LYRIC—At 8 30, The Moody Manners Grand Opera Co.

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